The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXXIX NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1924 NUMBER 503

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The Week

IN its last issue, the New Republic characterized the Democratic Convention as an assembly which surrendered itself to brave and bitter combats only to put an end to them with tame and inglorious conclusions. The nomination of John W. Davis completely vindicated this description. It was an inglorious and insignificant ending of the bitter and significant contest between the Smith and the McAdoo factions. It was not the product of a mature and deliberate preference on the part of a majority of the Democratic delegates. It was not intended and will not tend to heal the wounds which in the heat of battle the two factions had dealt one another. It will not serve to pull the party together as an instrument of economic legislation and to give the disaffected agricultural states any sufficient assurance that their grievances will be fully considered. It was tantamount to an evasion of almost every issue and responsibility which circumstance and its own make-up had imposed on the party. In effect it unloaded these responsibilities on a good and intelligent man whose attitude in respect to them had been inoffensive and non-committal.

THE default was the more conspicuous and unnecessary because the Democratic Convention found submitted to it for consideration a candidate whose nomination would have been as brave and significant an act as that of Davis was evasive and meaningless. Senator Thomas J. Walsh possessed all the qualifications which John Davis lacked. He was a Catholic who had supported McAdoo. His nomination would have defied the religious bigotry of the Klan while at the same time it would have been as little obnoxious as possible to McAdoo's following. Walsh had just performed a most sensational and prodigious service to his party and his country and was the leader whose candidacy would make the most of Republican corruption. There was no hedging about his devotion to popular liberties. During the period of the Red hysteria, when John Davis kept his mouth scrupulously shut, Walsh was one of the few prominent lawyers and political leaders who fought explicitly and courageously for law and order. Finally he hails from a part of the country which has good reason to be disaffected, and he would have spoken for his aggrieved neighbors honestly and clearly but not importunately and bitterly. He would have represented, as John Davis cannot, the traditional Democratic sympathy with a great popular grievance. By nominating him the Democrats would have vindicated themselves as a party which could turn an exceptionally bitter conflict to good account by attaining through it a really integrating decision.

IF Senator Walsh had been nominated, progressives would have had many reasons to hesitate between him and La Follette. No matter how much they might have believed in the ultimate desirability of breaking up the old parties, the Democrats would have earned the admiration and sympathy of all non-partisans by their ability to fight out their differences courageously in public and deliberately to select a candidate who tested so high both in the Democracy and in his progressivism. In the case of Davis no such misgivings can arise. The Democrats, when they yielded to the unexpected uproar

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in favor of his nomination were sliding down from the heights of conviction on which they had waged such a perilous battle, and they were running away from the realities of American politics. A progressive for reasons which we elaborate elsewhere would have precisely no reason at all connected with his progressivism to vote for Davis. From the progressive point of view his high character and his eminent abilities are simply irrelevant. If he is elected President he will place his high character and abilities at the service of economic and social preconceptions which, if the progressives are right, can only result ultimately in damage to the American nation.

AS we go to press the new London conference of the Allied powers is on the point of meeting. While prophecy at such a moment has obvious dangers, it is fair to say that the outlook for the Dawes Plan and for peace in Europe is of the darkest. The events of the past few weeks have shown that Herriot is bound hand and foot. His government cannot survive without the assistance of the Nationalists who were behind Poincaré, and they will not permit any genuine policy of conciliation. At the first whisper of a suggestion from London that the Dawes Plan goes outside the scope of the Treaty of Versailles and that it may be necessary to modify the powers of the Reparations Commission, the whip was cracked over Herriot's head with telling effect. MacDonald had to make a hasty trip to Paris in order to avert a real crisis. He promised so much, indeed, that he has got himself into serious trouble at home.

AS usual, from London and Berlin come appeals that America should step in at this juncture and exert strong pressure in order to compel putting the Dawes Plan into effect completely and at once. Only the United States, it is argued, has the prestige which can force the nations to compromise and abandon their political objectives for the sake of economic results. We hardly need tell our readers that such appeals are breath into the wind. The present administration went quite as far as it is likely to go when it selected Messrs. Dawes, Young and Robinson as its "unofficial" representatives on the experts' commission. If the European powers, after the plan has been completed and after they have all accepted it in principle, are unable to reconcile their differences and put it into operation, that fact will seem to Washington better justification for staying out than for going in.

THE twentieth amendment to the Constitution, if it is ratified in time by the required number of states, will be that giving Congress the power to regulate the labor of children under eighteen years of age. Already there is one entry on the roll of honor and one on that of dishonor. To Arkansas belongs the eternal credit of having been the first state in the Union to ratify. To Georgia goes the ignominy of being first to reject. This was not done, of course, on the ground that the latter state wishes to continue to exploit the labor of her children. Those who advocated child labor never are interested in the thing itself. This time it was the sacred doctrine of states' rights which was imperiled. Hoke Smith and his cohorts observed that Georgia "don't drink out of the same bottle" with Washington and having thus in effect seceded from the Union, voted down the amendment overwhelmingly.

THERE might be a ghost of an excuse for this position on the part of a state which really did protect its children; but Georgia notoriously does nothing of the kind. According to the last census she has nearly 89,000 child laborers between the ages of ten and fifteen, which is about twenty percent of all her children of those ages, and as black a record as is to be found anywhere in America. The state graciously forbids children to work longer than ten hours a day—in the textile mills. Elsewhere, working hours are from sunrise to sunset. It is no wonder, perhaps, that Georgia has 35,000 illiterate children nor that 108,000 between the ages of seven and thirteen were not in school at the time the last census was taken. Georgia, in short, illustrates admirably the sort of local condition which justifies, if any justification were needed, the twentieth amendment. She will neither take care of her own children nor consent to the nation's taking care of them. Only the force of national legislation will ever compel Georgia to give the next generation a fair chance.

THE withdrawal in favor of La Follette of Duncan McDonald and William Bouck, candidates of the Farmer Labor party nominated at the St. Paul convention, brings the Communist or Workers' party before the people on a straight issue, with its candidates William Z. Foster and Ben Gitlow. No mistake could be greater than for the constituted authorities by suppression, intimidation, violence or fraud to defeat the will of this body of voters to stand up and be counted. The Communists have an undoubted right to discuss changes in government by constitutional means, and it is highly expedient to allow them to do so. To drive the Communist agitation underground will be to increase its power not only as an actual force but as a psychological bogey. Under party discipline the full number of Communist votes will be cast and counted for the Communist candidates, provided the government keeps its hands off. It will then be possible to know exactly the dimensions of the Red Menace of Calvin Coolidge's dreams.

THE Democratic Convention abounded in comedy, of which the appearance of various leaders in

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incongruous rôles furnished a good share. Among other stirring memories we recall A. Mitchell Palmer violently leading the applause for the free speech plank, Newton D. Baker dropping tears over the rostrum for the boys who fell in France, and above all Don Chafin, the gunman sheriff of Logan County, West Virginia, actively promoting the candidacy of John W. Davis.

REPUBLICAN and Democratic campaign orators will find little material for their use in the statement made recently by William Dudley Foulke, President of the National Civil Service Reform League. The declarations of both platform on civil service reform he calls "grotesque perversions of truth." Mr. Foulke says that administration of the merit system "had been brought pretty low under Wilson" and was brought still lower under Harding, particularly in the selection of postmasters. He is especially indignant, and properly so, because of the Democratic pledge to give preference to ex-service men. "These words on their face," Mr. Foulke points out, "imply an absolute preference. Every ex-service man, however low, is to be preferred to every other competitor, however high. It is unnecessary to point out that this means the destruction of the merit system." It is, perhaps, also unnecessary to point out to Mr. Foulke that neither the Republican nor the Democratic party would have any other feeling than acute joy if the merit system were cast into outer darkness never to return. Neither party has any interest in good government as such. It is interested in getting jobs for party members and to this happy enterprise the merit system has in the past shown itself a stumbling-block of large dimensions.

SCANDAL in connection with the practise of deportation by the Department of Labor continues to break out in new quarters. It now appears that the Department is deporting men ostensibly to Russia on passports issued by a self-styled representative of the Ukrainian People's Republic in Washington. The State Department has not recognized this government or its representatives. Passports bearing its seal are not accepted for admission into the territory of the Ukrainian Soviet Republic, and visas are refused by the embassies of other countries through which deportees must pass. Nevertheless the Department of Labor procured such a passport for Michael Bilokomsky, whom on May 25 it set afloat on the Leviathan. Bilokomsky is now in Vienna, without means, financial or diplomatic, of proceeding elsewhere. The Department of Labor displays great solicitude in extending its deportation service to aliens convicted under whatever circumstances in state or federal courts. It may be suspected that Secretary Davis, like his predecessor is merely the tool of the Department of Justice. In any case its practise is mean, cruel and unworthy of a department of the American government.

INCIPIENT rebellion is the name applied by the Minister of Labor to the recent strike of postal workers of Canada. His language at all times during the strike was immoderate and exasperating, the language of a trader and bluffer. He insisted that the striking employes could not return to work until hell froze over, an event which was evidently consummated for his purposes in less than a fortnight, for the workers did return within that period. The strike involved two simple issues, namely, the right of government employes to strike and the denial of the right of the government to reduce their wages below $90 per month. From the government's point of view the former issue was paramount since it offered the opportunity of destroying the unions which had gained in strength and solidarity following the Winnipeg strike of 1920. Of a total of 10,000 postal employes, an ostensible total of 8,000 ceased work on June 18. The government's threats and treachery within one of the unions reduced this number to 4,000 on the following day. At the end of ten days the number of striking postal workers was between three and four thousand and these were confined entirely to the four cities of Toronto, Montreal, Windsor and Monotoc. Obviously the strike could not succeed on the basis of this numerical strength, but equally obvious was the fact that the mails of the entire Dominion could not move adequately if these important border cities could be held. Strike-breakers were found to be wholly incapable of bringing the semblance of order out of the chaos at the close of ten days. Negotiations were thrice broken off. Public opinion was clearly with the workers, but the government stood firm upon one demand, namely, that the workers might return but that the officials of the unions were to be ostracized.

HAPPILY, the striking employes refused to accept the government's conditions in spite of the fact that the union officials urged them to do so. While the strikers were in session at a mass meeting on Sunday afternoon, word was brought to them by their officials and by an intermediary to the effect that all employes might return to work as postal helpers. In the absence of a written agreement, witnesses informed the workers that the unconditional return was merely included to save the government's face and that their claims were to be investigated by a satisfactory commission, their old positions were to be regained, and a settlement of grievances was to be effected within two months. On the following morning after the mails were again moving, the government repudiated all of these promises and insisted that the unconditional return was unconditional in every respect. Whether certain union officials connived in this piece of bald chicanery or not, it remains as one of the most flagrant betrayals of confidence in the annals of trade unionism on this continent. And, irony was never so pertinent, for while all of this was transpiring,

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the government minister responsible for the postal service was in Geneva attending the International Labor Conference, Premier Mackenzie King was receiving an honorary degree at Yale in token of his contributions to the solution of labor problems, and the postal service was under the direction of a former strike-breaker from Winnipeg!

THE American Library Association devoted a special session of its annual conference, just concluded, to the discussion of the relation of the library to adult education. The librarians seem to feel that they have thus far overlooked an important service. They have provided the general public with general reading, mostly recreational. They have provided special groups with special materials, mostly professional. But they have not as yet established themselves in everybody's mind as the people's university. To do so they will need more than books; they will need plans and an educational theory. As a first step to such a program a study is to be made of library experience in adult education here and abroad. Extensive action will presumably follow.

THE chief problem which the libraries face is the obvious one that confronts all educational institutions: what ought people to study? The colleges and universities are carried past this question somehow by the body of tradition upon which their courses of study very largely rest. They may be troubled and restless. Most of them are. But they have a status quo, and can carry on as going concerns. The libraries lack this comfort. Accordingly their greatest temptation is to reach out for it to the established schools. Their greatest danger is that of making their reading lists pale reflections of the syllabi of college courses. To do so would probably be fatal to their movement. By the same token, their chief opportunity is that of facing their problem squarely and working out experimentally an answer to it by which the colleges themselves may ultimately profit.

MOST American readers heard the name of Giacomo Matteotti for the first time when its bearer was already dead by assassination. The Federated Press Service gives the following facts concerning him. The son of a rich family he cast in his lot with the workers. He represented the more enlightened attitude of labor toward the war by spending most of the period in a Sicilian jail. After the war he became editor of Giustizia, the Socialist organ, and in 1919 was elected to the Chamber of Deputies. Here he rendered himself obnoxious by introducing a bill forbidding all persons interested in government contracts from holding office. As editor he remained at his post during the Fascist revolution, though his printing plant was attacked and edition after edition of his paper destroyed. He was returned to the Chamber by a large majority at the last elections, and at once proceeded to expose the fraudulent election methods and corrupt administration of the Fascisti. His assassination, whether or not Mussolini was cognizant of the details of the plot, was the logical result of the dictatorship of violence. Matteotti is reported to have foretold his own death in the words: "For the last two years nobody among us has known, when he left his home in the morning, whether he would return in the evening."

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WEIGEL, commander of the second army corps, is reported to have taken advantage of the national holiday and the tolerance of the excursions committee of the Democratic Convention to remark in the course of a sabre-rattling address: "During the war I saw boys in civilian clothes on the fourth of July and in battle in August. They were brave boys, but it was suicide." It would be interesting to know where General Weigel was standing when he saw this affecting sight. His argument was, of course, that our boys must wear uniforms all the time. But the effect of his harangue upon the Democratic delegates, must have been to cause them to wonder if the nation would really do as much better, if it were universally conscripted for war under a bureaucracy of brigadier-generals with such extraordinary eye-sight.

THE conference of the Little Entente held a few days ago at Prague had less importance than previous gatherings. The Little Entente, of course, is still tied to the coat-tails of France; and the uncertainty as to the political course of the latter country which had resulted from the late election makes it impossible for the Little Entente to do more than mark time at present. Neither the Bessarabian question, all important to Roumania, nor the general problem of relations with Russia was brought up at the Prague meeting, which apparently confined itself to an agreement as to common policy toward Hungary. It will be some time yet before the Littile Entente knows on which side its bread will prove to be buttered and can shape its plans accordingly.

The Sickness of American Politics

AMERICAN politics is sick. It has temporarily ceased to be a practicable method of accomplishing needed public purposes. That surely is the outstanding lesson of the Republican, the La Follette and the Democratic Conventions. The sickness of American politics assumes a different symptom in the cases of the three different patients. The Republicans are suffering from the shock of a notorious and ignoble breakdown which was brought on by their own irresponsibility and bad faith, and they are occupied chiefly with concealing from themselves and others their chagrin and their moral

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bankruptcy. The progressives are suffering from a delusion of power. This delusion is at present inseparable from the political promotion of their radical economic program. Yet it remains a necessary but dangerous pretense. The Democrats are suffering from an intestinal infection which during the Convention subjected them to intermittent fever; and while in the fever they exhausted themselves with furious and futile combats. Yet the different ailments all come from a common source. The sickness of American politics is indicative of the increasing maladjustment one to another of the different parts of American business and social life. These maladjustments impose tasks upon political agencies such as the Presidency, the legislatures, the courts and the party organizations which they are not capable of performing. They are all breaking up or down; but particularly the parties.

The chief cause of the maladjustment is the enormously rapid industrial expansion of the country which has been favored by the national economic policy and the fundamental law, and which has resulted in a dangerously complete concentration of economic power in the hands of urban business men and their parasites. American industrial expansion increased its pace steadily during the thirty years which succeeded the Civil War, but at that time its effects were balanced by the opportunity which homesteading still offered for the more abundant employment of capital and labor on the land. For ten or fifteen years after homesteading ceased, American agriculture retained enough momentum to hold its own. Since the war, however, capital and labor have tended to withdraw from the land. Not merely is the surplus wealth of the country being sucked into industry, but while industry has on the whole been extremely prosperous, millions of farmers have either lost their farms or else found themselves impoverished. The destruction of the balance which has so long subsisted between industry and agriculture is breeding discontent, frustrating popular expectations and undermining national traditions to an extent which strains American social and legal institutions. It is demanding of American political leaders an amount of foresight, initiative, self-criticism and constructive statesmanship which they have not as yet developed. The several parties are powerful enough to paralyze government but impotent to carry it on.

The Republican party has in the past represented a coalition among the farm, the factory and the office; but since 1920 its policy has alienated the farmer and the worker and has tended more and more to favor and to glorify private business. The industrial expansion has gradually equipped business men to become much the most powerful, energetic, capable and self-confident class in the country. They are moving towards the complete appropriation of Republicanism. They have not succeeded as yet in displacing the older politicians who realize the political impossibility of a party whose policy is determined by the interests of one class. So long as they remain a one-class party, which probably will not be a great while, it is difficult to see how they can pass the kind of legislation, such as the Mellon tax bill, which they favor and which would carry further the Republican program of a government by and for business. But even though they cannot legislate themselves, they can for the present make it impossible for their opponents to pass legislation which they do not like. It will be impossible for either the progressives or the Democrats to attack the privileges and excessive opportunities of business and to retard the excessive rate of industrial expansion without damaging the prosperity of the country; and the Republicans will be quick to charge that any slackening of business which is the result of political agitation is an assault on the American social fabric. Thus, paralyzed though it be for positive political action, business is strongly intrenched in the enjoyment of its existing advantages. Its political agents can always associate a period of business depression, contraction of credit and unemployment which would be objectionable to millions of American voters with the political activity of their enemies.

The disaffected economic groups which are supporting the candidacy of Senator La Follette, if by some miracle they win a victory at the coming election, would find it as difficult to legislate constructively for the national economic benefit as would the Republicans. They too are a minority. They are deeply divided among themselves—so much so that, like the Republicans, they did not dare publicly to discuss their possible differences during their Cleveland convention, and also like the Republicans they compensated for their latent dissensions by bestowing on their candidate a qualified dictatorship. Although progressives do not like to admit it, practical political progressivism is still chiefly an instrument of resistance. Progressives realize the direction in which they must look for a positive program, but a program upon which its members are sufficiently united, which it could translate into a series of operative legislative acts and which would be understood and supported by a sufficient number of voters simply does not exist. They are performing an indispensable service in organizing and fomenting opposition to the abuses of the prevailing economic system, and for that reason their candidate is entitled to the support of every American voter who believes in the need of economic and social reconstruction, but before they can become a constructive economic and social force, they will have to carry on a prolonged process of self and popular education. They are justified in claiming political power even though they are not capable of using it constructively, for it is only by participating in government that they can learn how to realize their ideas. But they should not deceive themselves about what they are already able to accomplish.

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The Republicans and progressives are divergent economic blocs which are in the process of dissolving or reforming. The Democratic party remains, as it has been from the beginning, chiefly a territorial combination. Its leaders still act and think in terms of a society composed of the individual and the state without the intermediation of functional and economic groups. Its behavior during the recent convention in New York revealed a positive indisposition to deal with the dominant economic issue except in so far as traditional Democratic formulas are adequate for that purpose. In order to avoid the nomination of its strongest candidate who had campaigned as an economic progressive, it became furiously excited about religious bigotry which was entirely irrelevant to the issues of the campaign or the future activities of the federal government. The tactics were successful. The Democratic leaders have prevented economic acids from eating into the traditional Democratic partisan fabric, but they have preserved their unity at the expense of the reality of their political outlook. The vital contest of the coming campaign will take place between Coolidge and La Follette. Davis will have to sit on the sidelines and keep the Democrats, so far as possible, true to the traditional Democratic formulas and blind to the issues which are really agitating and dividing the American people. He will call himself and his party liberal because he repeats these Democratic phrases, but he will be the safest and most inoffensive liberal who ever proposed to subdue a rising tide of conflicting class activities with the spell of amiable and honored words.

The refusal of so many Democrats and so many lawyers, judges and political leaders to recognize the importance of functional economic and professional groups has much to do with the sickness of American politics. It leaves the individual theoretically face to face with the state, the consequence being that when things go wrong and a group of individuals acquire plausible grievances, they instinctively appeal to the state for redress. Thus they not only often impose on the state an amount of responsibility for group good behavior which it is impotent to redeem, but they are inhibited from sufficiently considering how far their grievances or those of other groups are remedial by their own effort and that of their occupational associates. Practically all American economic and occupational groups coöperate for the purpose of obtaining advantages for themselves and imposing reforms on others. The bankers when they assemble in a convention are loud in their denunciations of the agitation and agitators which are injurious to finance, but they do not seriously consider what there is in their own practices which from the public point of view is open to criticism, and they do not reform themselves except as the result of pressure from without. The instance is typical. The same statement is equally true of the chambers of commerce, the manufacturers' associations, the labor unions, the farmers' organizations and the professional societies. It is notoriously true of political parties. In this country the Republicans, Democrats and progressives alike seem quite incapable of self-scrutiny, self-criticism and self-reform. They are too busy nominating candidates, exercising or seeking power, denouncing their opponents and claiming all the political virtues and abilities for themselves.

So far as we can see there is only one adequate way of curing this sickness of American politics. It does not consist in trying to revive the traditional political individualism and the traditional American distrust of all state action and calling to the rescue the latent public spirit of the individual voter. It consists in educating Americans to understand that their own most vital relationship with the community arises from their economic and professional activities. The most effective way they can serve the community is to take care that those activities, as they are carried on, are adjusted to the activities of other groups, and are good for the community and for the men and women who participate in them. In so far as they will not watch their own activities and accept some public standard for estimating the results, a strain is inevitably placed on political agencies which they can only imperfectly assume. In that event the attempt to devise political remedies becomes at once inevitable and futile. But the primary fault lies not with those who demand the remedies but those who provoke the sickness. The shabbiest American citizen of today is the voter who is disgusted with politics and abuses the politicians, but who consistently votes to keep the professional politicians in power and is indifferent or blind to the public aspects of his professional or economic activity. It is he who is doing most to make American politics sick.

John W. Davis

WHILE the balloting was in progress at Madison Square Garden, a member of one of the great New York banking houses was asked whether there was any candidate whom the Democrats might name whom he, as a life-long Republican, could support. "There is just one man," he replied, "John W. Davis." This true tale epitomizes the significance of the Davis candidacy. His nomination clarifies the issues of the campaign as no other nomination would have done. In an unexpected way it sharply draws the line of cleavage. No informed progressive can find any reason connected with his progressive convictions for supporting John W. Davis. He can vote for Davis only by disregarding progressivism. President Coolidge is an arid conservative who makes conservatism repellent. Mr. Davis is an engaging conservative

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who makes it attractive. In essentials the two are one as exponents of the philosophy of conservatism, and as such are entitled to the suffrage of all conservatives. Senator La Follette is the exponent of the aims of progressivism, and, as such, entitled to the support of all progressives.

Let us strip the situation of beguiling irrelevancies. The personality of Mr. Davis is a handsome facade—but only a facade. What matters and alone matters, is what is behind the facade—his outlook, his attitude, his preferences, his values of life. These are the essential and permanent forces which will determine the trend in our national destiny to which, as specific problems may arise, he will contribute by specific acts and abstentions. We must rivet attention on this central issue, for Mr. Davis is a siren who has widely cast the spell of his personal charm. Of course Mr. Davis was a highly successful ambassador at London. But surely that is no sufficient reason for electing him President of the United States. Mr. Davis has eloquently and persuasively talked about America's place in the world. His views are similar to those of former Attorney-General Wickersham; yet no progressive would dream of making Mr. Wickersham President. Equally irrelevant to the consideration of Mr. Davis's claim to the Presidency is the nomination of Governor Bryan as Vice-President. Bryan's nomination is a red herring pure and simple. John W. Davis is running for President, not Charles W. Bryan, for Mr. Davis is surely not asking us to vote for him on the theory that he won't serve.

We agree with the chief organ of the Democratic party that "the essential of tolerance is to deal with each man on the basis of his actions," and we shall, from week to week, deal specifically with Mr. Davis's "actions," including among the "actions" and utterances of a Presidential candidate his non-actions and his non-utterances, particularly those before his nomination, rather than the nominee's skillful use of words to please the immediate taste and temper of a jury of voters. We shall hereafter advert to Mr. Davis's relation to pressing problems, both domestic and foreign. Today we shall restrict ourselves to the central reason for the New Republic's opposition to Mr. Davis's election.

By "progressivism" we mean active dissatisfaction with the present social and economic government of the nation, and the necessity and hope for a drastically more humane, more just, and more beautiful ordering of the lives of men, women and children. Progressives naturally will differ as to the means by which these aims can be attained. But, unless there is agreement on substantial discontent with the present order of things and on purposive enhancement, through orderly, evolutionary process, of the significance of the individual lives of the great mass of the people, to talk of progressivism is meaningless. It is worse than meaningless—it is a dangerous pretense. Social-industrial problems, therefore, are the very heart of politics. The attitude and outlook towards these problems are the decisive tests of present-day statesmanship. A candidate's emphasis and preferences, his desirables and his undesirables, his strong impulses and repulsions in the industrial life of the day, determine whether he is conservative or progressive, determine, that is, whether on the whole he is satisfied with the present complexion of society, or whether, on the whole, he is dissatisfied and will use every occasion and every resource of will and wisdom to give greater fulness of life to the mass of the people.

After the Davis nomination W. J. Bryan said that his opposition to Mr. Davis was "not personal." Just because the basis of the opposition to Mr. Davis's nomination was impersonal, it is as valid after his nomination as it was before. Mr. Davis is an honest conservative, but the fact of his honesty does not render his conservatism any more acceptable. Of course Mr. Davis will not be the "tool of Wall Street" nor of anyone else. He will be the master of his own attitude and his own preferences. But, unfortunately his attitude and preferences, by native bent reinforced by confirming experience, honestly coincide with the attitude and preferences of the powerful economic and industrial leaders of the country. The Christian Science Monitor, in a warm appreciation of Mr. Davis, after properly rejecting the naïve notion that because his firm is closely associated with J. P. Morgan and Company, the Standard Oil and others, Mr. Davis as President would be the conscious "tool of Wall Street," thus states the pith of the matter: "What may be said with probable justice is that, if he had not been recognized as being in accord with the general convictions which animate the great figures in that centre of American finance, he would never have been invited to become a member of the firm."

This may be said with more than "probable justice." Mr. Davis's action and expressed views show that he and organized big business are elective affinities. Many years ago, as a young lawyer at the small bar of Clarksburg, West Virginia, Mr. Davis may have had a small and diversified practise among all sorts and conditions of men. In New York, by choice and by identity of interests, Mr. Davis became a close associate of the most powerful banking house in the world. He has become director in enterprises of great economic power, the Santa Fé, the National Bank of Commerce, the United States Rubber Company, and the business associate of such interlocking directors as E. J. Berwind, Newcomb Carlton, F. L. Hines, W. C. Potter, V. P. Snyder, Charles Steele, H. B. Thayer. So far as he has remained an advocate, his clients have been the rich and the powerful. In simple truth Mr. Davis has become the employe of Big Business—and an employe who seriously regards an income which we have reason to believe, is nearer $300,000 a year than $100,000, as "profitable" "within modest bounds."

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Compare Mr. Davis's career at the New York bar, after his retirement from London, with Mr. Hughes's career, after his return to New York after serving as an outstanding member of the Supreme Court. Before he entered Harding's cabinet Mr. Hughes was probably the most trusted and valued advocate in the United States. But Mr. Hughes was even-handed in his practise. He represented big and little people, he appeared for "labor" as well as for "capital." It is characteristic of the two careers that Hughes was counsel for the United Mine Workers and Davis counsel against them. Let us not be misunderstood. It is a mistake, as a general rule, to identify lawyers with their clients. But it is not a mistake when the lawyer does so himself. Mr. Davis, in his attitude and aspirations, has made this identification. He glories in his specialized practise for Big Business and identifies America with his clients. As he himself said some months ago: "I have a fine list of clients. What lawyer wouldn't want them? I have J. P. Morgan and Company, the Erie Railroad, the Guaranty Trust Company, the Standard Oil Company, and other foremost American concerns on my list. I am proud of them. They are big institutions, and so long as they ask for my services for honest work I am pleased to work for them. Big Business has made this country what it is. We want Big Business. But it must be honest."

This emphasis reflects itself in Mr. Davis's views on such fundamentals as the power to make the necessary social adjustments within the framework of the Constitution. Shallow inferences are drawn from the fact that Mr. Davis, as counsel for the government, had to argue the first child labor case, without considering how deep was his belief in his own cause. The answer is to be found in Mr. Davis's address as President of the American Bar Association. In this address he sets forth all the conventional conservatism in regard to criticism of the courts, and all the conservative sophistication in defense of the invalidation by courts of social legislation. Apparently some of the Supreme Court decisions are even too liberal for him. "Constitutional limitations" he tells us "have yielded to the police power under the pressure of real or supposed emergencies." This, if it means anything, is a squint against the rent laws decisions, and indicates disapproval of them.

It all gets back to the essential issue of Mr. Davis's support of things as they are. Mr. Davis will use his influence to keep alive and respectable a concentration of economic power which is dangerous and intolerable. Because he is skillful, honest and attractive, he would make no breaks in technique. He would be narrow in ideas, and gracious in their execution. The more charming, courageous and honest Mr. Davis is than is Mr. Coolidge, by so much more would he be a faithful and efficient obstacle to necessary changes for the promotion of a better social life.

Progressives and Monopoly

THE importance of the La Follette candidacy lies not in the platform but in the main economic drift of the groups which will control the party to which it is a prelude. It would have been a miracle if such a party had appeared on the scene with full-blown economic policies. There will be plenty of time to develop such measures before the party gains power to put into effect any detailed proposal. Nevertheless, it is necessary for the adherents of the progressive group to criticize closely the economic planks of the platform in preparation for the time when they must act effectively.

Perhaps the most heartfelt and popular plank is that directed against monopoly control of industry. With the general intent of this plank all progressives must sympathize. But if it means in practice turning back to strict enforcement of the anti-trust laws, a legal attempt to resuscitate small business enterprise and unlimited competition throughout industry, the remedy, even if it could succeed, would not remove the ills from which farmers, workers, and the main body of consumers are suffering.

There are two conventional schools of thought on this question. One, based on classical economics, is that free and open competition furnishes an automatic check to profiteering, inefficiency, inequitable distribution of wealth and power. It assumes that such competition would exist everywhere if it were not for the interference of unfair practices which can be prevented by law. This is the assumption on which the anti-trust laws are based. The other extreme is the doctrine that centralization is an inevitable tendency in industry, that it is predestined to go on indefinitely in all fields of endeavor because of its superior efficiency to the profit maker, and that after the capitalists have trustified everything, the misery of the people will force them to take over industry through the medium of the state. This is the view of the extreme Marxists—and is embodied in the criticism leveled at the La Follette platform by William Z. Foster.

The more scientific modern economists, however, have put into our hands data which call both extremes in question. A study of this sort has just been issued by the U. S. Bureau of the Census—The Integration of Industrial Operation, by Willard L. Thorp. The inferences which may be drawn from the facts here presented are many, but their upshot is that there is no one universal economic law governing combination in industrial operation. In a good many important industries such as sugar refining and steel production, the size of the establishment has recently tended to grow on account of the higher efficiency of large-scale operation and the improved machinery and processes which require heavy capital investment. This tendency has eliminated the opportunity of the small competitor in a

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way which no legislation can alter. It is not without limits, however. Beyond a certain point—different in each industry—little further technical advantage is gained by increase in size of the operating unit. There are, therefore, no technical obstacles to the continuance of a certain amount of competition. In some industries the size limit of efficiency seems to be very low. In certain other industries, demanding small capital investment, the tendency has been for the size of the establishment to decrease and competition to be intensified.

Similar differences and qualifications are found in a study of the control by one central office of more than one plant. The tendency toward central control is more marked in some cases than in others, and takes varying forms. We have horizontal control of plants performing the same process, vertical control of plants performing successive processes, oblique control of bi-product plants, heterogeneous control of plants apparently having little connection in production, but perhaps obtaining advantage through common market outlets or capital concentration.

It is certain that no simple formula, either of enforcing universal competition, or of communizing universal combination, will be of much use in this complex situation. There are in the United States few absolute monopolies. There are a number of industries where large combinations control the bulk of the production because they are the more efficient or own the better resources. These concerns are ordinarily enabled to charge higher prices than they otherwise could and to accumulate huge profits, because the market price is set (competitively) by the smaller, less efficient concerns. There are some industries, such as railroads, where large combinations already dominate, but where still larger combinations are desirable in the interest of efficiency and lower prices. There are other industries highly competitive on account of their technical and market situation, where a greater degree of coöperation among the competitors is essential to eliminate waste, stabilize production, and improve labor conditions. The Sherman law and the Clayton law, no matter how rigidly enforced, could not prevent the growth in some industries of large combinations of capital which, though not absolute monopolies, are enabled by the comparative inefficiency of their small competitors to make great profits. If such growth were prevented, the profits would be eliminated without lowering the prices. These laws, on the other hand, have hampered much useful coöperation among smaller enterprises in other industries and restrict trade associations and unions in their efforts to bring about an approach to constructive social control of industry by its participants. Doubtless some restrictive laws are necessary to prevent unfair competition and price-fixing conspiracies, but the present laws are in urgent need of revision to permit necessary activities on the part of coöperating groups of producers. In addition, we need more far-reaching measures to deal with large combinations of privately owned capital. Instead of vainly trying to prevent them from arising, we shall have to devise measures of turning them to social uses.

In certain cases, such as railroads and electric power, the industries may be ripe for public ownership. In other cases we may have to extend the less desirable method of commission regulation. One remedy which ought to furnish a keystone to the progressive structure is a social use of taxation. This implies not merely taking surplus gains away from private hands by excess profits taxes—a measure already explicit in the platform—but using this surplus for calculated social benefit. Presumably, if surplus profits are not removed from private control, the bulk of them will be re-invested in industry. It is the dogma of the conservatives that no public use of the money can be as productive as such private re-investment. This dogma assumes that investment seeking profit always turns to production for general needs, whereas taxes spent by the government encourage waste and unproductive expenditure. It is the business of those who want to socialize the surplus to seek channels of using it productively that do not render maximum profit to private owners and hence are not developed by them. Such channels might easily be found by a qualified commission of socially minded engineers and economists. Conservation, transportation, giant power, inexpensive housing, these and many other urgently needed enterprises do not normally attract sufficient capital unless carried on in ways that do not best serve the common man. If we recognize and permit monopoly gains—as economic realism must force us to do—the logical complement to such a policy is to sequester a large part of such gains for the general good. When the government has revised its accounts so as to distinguish between its current expenditures and its capital investments, and when it has established a technique for discovering and managing socially productive enterprises, it will indeed be a powerful instrument in progressive hands. It can then do much to redress the balance between the magnate and the common man.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1924, IN THE U. S., BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING CO., INC., 421 WEST 21ST ST., NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRES., ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREAS.,
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Now That It's Over

JOHN W. DAVIS became the Democratic nominee for President because on Wednesday, June 9—after nine days and nights of actual balloting and sixteen days of actual convention fighting—the more than one thousand maddened mavericks of delegates had just sense enough left to see the widest gate through which to rush to shelter. Much will be said and written in the next few months of how George Brennan always had Davis lodged largely in his mind; much will be said of the really creditable if somewhat ostentatious activity of James M. Cox, and much of the doings of other bosses and leaders. In truth, Mr. Davis's nomination is mainly due to the fact that at the last his candidacy offered the delegates the largest exit with honor from an unendurable situation.

After it had been established that neither McAdoo nor Smith nor any of the candidates who lived in their shadows could be nominated, there were three men before the Convention who would have had the most careful consideration, had the leaders and the delegates coldly measured availability from the standpoint of possible Democratic victory. The three were Senator Ralston, Senator Walsh of Montana and Governor Ritchie. Ralston's claim turned upon the theory of victory by reduction of losses. Without positive political color, he is the kind of homespun, unassuming man that occasionally can be made very appealing to the people, and in addition it was reasonably certain that he could carry Indiana, traditionally a pivotal state. What would have happened had Mr. Ralston not instructed Taggart to withdraw his name is as much one man's guess as another's. Mine is that he would not have been nominated; for in his case freedom from entanglement in the McAdoo-Smith struggle had elements of danger.

Walsh and Ritchie did not get a running start, although their claims to consideration in any chessboard survey of the prospects were extremely high. Walsh had at the foundation his general record of sound and enlightened public service, and the universal respect which that has won. On top of that was his extraordinary and dramatic personal triumph in the Fall investigation. Plus all of that were these facts: He was a McAdoo man out of the West who would have made a tremendous call upon the people in that country, even upon many of those now believed to be swinging to La Follette; and he is a Roman Catholic, and an Irish one, who would have made a tremendous call upon the sentiment in the big cities that gave Smith's candidacy its vitality. Moreover, if the South would remain solid for any Catholic, it would for Walsh. No public man of today has less tendency toward religious prejudice or religious self-consciousness. Finally, there was the picture that Walsh made before the Convention as chairman, a picture that confirmed his fitness as one able to spread himself over all the discordant party elements. For Walsh was the superb chairman under conditions that would have destroyed an ordinary presiding officer; he was the born lawgiver, a model in impersonal competence as a ruler. Two weeks' observation of the man in action, with the knowledge of all that is in his record, sent the Convention to him heels over head for Vice-President, once the Presidential nominee was chosen, and only Walsh's abrupt adjournment of the Convention prevented his nomination by acclamation. But he had no show for President, because nobody coldly calculated; everybody dismissed him under the no-Catholic rule. Ritchie's assets lay in his probable ability to win in the North and East while holding the South. Next to Smith he was counted the great wet governor. A Maryland Democratic governor, born in Richmond, Virginia, and a Protestant, could say anything that came into his head about liquor and carry the South with ease. Further, in point of general ability, Ritchie is clearly above the average of the men who appeared as candidates. But he did not get his chance when McAdoo and Smith collapsed because the Smith following, evidently angry over his refusal to aid Smith in the balloting of the first week, turned away. Of course, there was no initiation of a Ritchie swing from the dry South or West.

With Ralston, Walsh and Ritchie off the boards, following the breakdown of McAdoo and Smith and the elimination of the echo candidates, who was left? Davis, Robinson, Glass, Underwood and Saulsbury. Cox, on whom the Convention had seen from its beginnings the Indian sign of that seven million defeat, had never struck a spark and had made a dignified exit from the candidates' field quite early. Of the others, Robinson was too lately emerged; besides, he was under the taboo of being from the solid South. Glass was another solid South product, and, apart from that, he long had borne the reputation of a hot-tempered, hard-headed, difficult little man—the type that politicians shun. Underwood was what he has been for years, a man universally honored but questioned as a candidate. He was still another solid South man, and his candidacy was too familiar as a futility. Not only that, he had faded away in the popular primaries, and he was deeply involved in the Klan fight. The feeling in the Convention about former Senator Saulsbury's candidacy was perfectly expressed by Samuel G. Blythe. He said that when Delaware had cast its six votes for Senator Saulsbury one hundred and twenty-two times, making in all seven hundred and thirty-two votes, or a two-thirds majority, it would claim the nomination for him on the theory of cumulative voting. And, with

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delegates and leaders placing such valuations, there stood Davis—apart! Apart was he from the other candidates in the universal belief in the brilliance and strength of his mind, a belief that has wrapped him at fifty-one years of age in an amazing contemporary legend of greatness. Apart was he from the other candidates in a singularly gentle and philosophical dignity. Nobody knew what he thought of controverted domestic questions. In foreign affairs he was counted a League of Nations man, but in internal affairs scarcely anything was known beyond his adherence to the Democratic idea of a tariff framed to assure competition. The delegates had not the slightest concrete understanding of what he thought about today's concerns in taxation, farm relief, railroads, labor relations or any such questions. All they had to reason from was his record as a Wilson lieutenant. In fact, though the delegates might have reasoned from the facts of Davis's career as a Wilson lieutenant, they did not. They thought simply about his fine mind and his fine character. And they had the naive great man faith that was so marked in Chicago in 1916, when Mr. Hughes, who had lived in austere judicial silence throughout the period in which occurred the Bull Moose convulsion at home, and the Mexican revolt and the outbreak of the World War abroad, was nominated for President by the Republicans. This great man faith in Mr. Davis was apparent from the first days of the convention. Knowing nothing of his present views, scores of delegates voiced the opinion that he was of all the candidates the best fitted for the office, among them being many who sought the nomination of another, on personal grounds or for expediency's sake.

What more natural than that the Convention, in distress, and long past the reasoning, calculating stage, should have turned instinctively to him. At least he offered dignity and honor. Defeat under his leadership would not be discredit, and that was important to a convention which felt that it had run amuck and made a fool of itself. As Cox put it, Davis could lift the campaign above the level of the convention. Of course, no one had the slightest notion whether he could win. The few who stopped to analyze his chances realized very well that there was serious danger that his performance would be like that which followed Alton B. Parker's candidacy twenty years ago—the South and a state or two here and there above the Ohio and the Potomac. As this is written, most politicians would credit the East to Coolidge, and divide the larger number of western States between Coolidge and La Follette. Davis's chance to win is based mainly on the possibility that he will prove under the test as big a man as his friends believe.

Those who may deplore the fact that the Democratic party bought a splendid pig in a poke, in so far as issues are concerned, should save their tears. It was written that there should be no clear delineation of party policies and principles. McAdoo, who started as the candidate of the progressives and the economic dissenters, ended with his emphasis on opposition to the city bosses on racial, religious, social and sentimental grounds. Smith's campaign was based on social and religious feeling. The other candidates were echoes, or were chess-board candidates like Ralston, Walsh and Ritchie, or were dignitaries of the class headed by Davis. All of the genuine issues that have interested the country for months were submerged in the social, racial and religious test that headed in the ludicrously over emphasized Klan fight. That fight, started as a simple political manœuvre against McAdoo, whom the Klan had supported in the South, aroused to the utmost the full fervor of the wet Irish and Jewish Democracy of the North—the big city Democracy—that was behind Smith. And that, in turn, aroused to full fervor the dry Protestant Democracy of the West and South that had gone to McAdoo originally principally for economic and political reasons. So the platform that might have been a party charter on the big issues is, in effect, a party evasion and apology on those issues. Framed in the shadow of the impending fight over the Klan, it embodies the easy compromises of men pre-occupied with other thoughts.

The fact that the interests centred in the Klan fight so submerged all the issues that have been forming for four years is the best explanation of why McAdoo and Smith fought so long. But for the forcing of that issue by McAdoo's enemies, he would have been down for good within three days. But for the forcing of it, Smith would have flickered as soon. With it forced, the Convention entered a form of insanity, and became divided into a pack of bull dogs. It is an interesting fact that the idea which finally released these bull-dog grips was developed by a man outside the Convention. When Smith and the minor candidates were demanding that McAdoo quit; and when McAdoo was replying that it was impudent to ask him, the high man, to quit, Governor Ritchie sent into the conference of minor candidates on Sunday a proposal that all candidates release all delegates, and allow the latter to make a fresh start. The idea came from a visitor, B. Howell Griswold, of Baltimore, who also proposed the resolution offered by Ritchie's representatives. The idea was accepted by the minor candidates and by Smith. Rejected by McAdoo, it finally was adopted by the Convention. It opened the door for a new movement of the delegates, and saved Cox from futility when he began to call attention to Davis.

Nothing can better illustrate the blind fury which swept aside all real issues than this fact that under the spell of the Klan fight, and all that was associated therewith, it remained for the voice of reason to come, not from one of the supposedly cool and astute leaders, but from an observant lawyer and banker on the sidelines.

JOHN W. OWENS.

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Christianity as a Way of Life

DURING the last two years the members of this group * have coöperated in an enterprise which, in intention at least, is of some importance. We have been inquiring how and how far the Christian message of peace on earth and good will to men can obtain realization in modern social life. The enterprise began in a meeting at Lake Mohonk which I did not attend but which, as I have since gathered, agreed in general upon the existence of a dangerously morbid condition of the contemporary social body and the need of seeking a certain kind of remedy. The morbid condition consisted of racial, international and class conflicts which were becoming so bitter and so irreconcilable that they threatened to disrupt the complex, highly specialized and necessarily coöperative civilization of today. The prospect of appeasing these conflicts by the use exclusively of political or economic remedies was far from promising. On the contrary it seemed as if warfare between nations and classes belonged to the nature of current economic and political activities. But it seemed equally clear that the conduct of this warfare violated the most characteristic passages in the teachings of Christ. If such is the condition, sincere Christians are bound to inquire why a nominally Christian society prefers to tolerate suicidal conflicts rather than to translate into life the truths of its own religion and in what ways, if any, they can repair the colossal default.

The Lake Mohonk assembly proposed, consequently, a Conference on the Christian Way of Life which would consider how the truth resident in Christianity could get embodied in human conduct and particularly in those regions of human conduct which were given over to apparently irreconcilable warfare. They set up for this purpose three commissions: one to deal with Christianity as applied to racial conflicts, and others to do the same for international and industrial conflicts. In addition they authorized commissions on the social function of the church and on religious education.

Underlying this program there was one assumption which, as far as I know, never came to the surface but which was nevertheless decisively formative. If Christendom were being torn to pieces in defiance of the promise offered by the religion of peace on earth and good will to men, it was because the churches had occupied themselves with the salvation of the individual soul and had neglected the meaning and the consequence of Christian truth for man as a member of society. The major object of the conference, consequently, was to arouse professing Christians to the need of associating the salvation of the individual soul with some measure of social amelioration and to inquire what Christians should do in order to give reality to their religion in social conduct. But there was, apparently, no disposition to inquire and no sense of the need of inquiry whether the fast association between social amelioration and individual salvation as part of the fundamental work of the Christian churches would react in any way upon what Christians had meant by the good life in the case of the individual. The Lake Mohonk Conference did not provide explicitly for an examination of individual as well as social frustrations and fulfillment in their relation to Christian truth. It looked in that direction by setting up a commission on religious education, but the general opinion was that this commission had no essential function to fulfill and it was quickly abandoned. If sincere Christians would only associate Christianity, so the Conference tacitly declared, with an ideal and a method of social conduct and amelioration as valid, as authoritative and as constructive as its ideal and method of individual conduct and fulfillment, the Christian churches might succeed in saving modern society from being victimized by irreconcilable conflicts.

The Lake Mohonk Conference did not circumscribe the commissions to which it gave birth either in the scope of their activities or in the choice of methods. They were free to adopt any procedure or plan of work which in the opinion of their members promised to be serviceable. It was far from obvious what that procedure should be. They were a frankly Christian group assembled to investigate how the truths of Christianity could be converted into a way of life; and their working method would depend upon what they conceived truth in general and particularly Christian truth to be in its relation to life. There existed among the members of the commissions a difference of opinion about this important matter. Some of them conceived Christian truth to consist of principles or commandments in which professing Christians did not sufficiently believe, and to which they expected to give reality by explaining their application to the facts of industry and politics and by placing behind these applications the authority of organized Christianity and the passion of sincere Christians for the integrity of their faith. There were others who were more sceptical. They doubted whether in any sense that would be constructive in social conduct they could definitely formulate for other people what the Christian way of life was. They believed that an attempt at such formulation would beg the question and convert what should be the search for a route into the justification of a goal. They wished to begin by taking nothing for granted except a disinterested common desire to seek a way of life which would appease social conflicts, which would take account of the ways in which lives had to be real-

* This address was read at a conference on the Christian Way of Life which was recently held at Lake Mohonk.

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ized in this world and which could at the same time honestly be called Christian.

As a matter of fact as soon as the several commissions got to work, their method of inquiry was determined more by the second than by the first of these conceptions. The Industrial Commission did, indeed, begin by moving along the other road. It assumed for a while that it was the custodian of certain saving Christian principles whose application to industrial controversies had been overlooked or neglected, but which the church could convert into a healing social policy by their authoritative consecration as Christian, their uncompromising application and the invention of an appropriate technique. The realization of Christianity in social life was chiefly the business of the accredited Christian engineer who would plan and administer the reconstruction of society according to the requirements of the social creeds already adopted by the several denominational assemblies. The International Commission, on the other hand, adopted a more tentative and sceptical attitude—an attitude which has in the past been associated rather with the scientific than with the religious search for truth. Its members did not see the virtue of adopting principles and of proposing to reënforce them with the authority of the Christian church and with the passion of Christian conviction as long as their specific application in life was arbitrary or ambiguous. That method seemed to advertise Christianity as a way of discourse rather than as a way of life. Before drawing up principles and adopting resolutions, they proposed to explore international relations as a region of human experience. They preferred in the beginning to ask questions rather than to answer them, and to discover by a cautious survey of the geography and dynamics of international contentions what they were and how much people knew about them. It would be time to consider later whether there was any way of integrating these conflicts which could be called Christian. Soon thereafter both the Industrial and Racial Commissions tried out a variation suited to their own particular needs of the same attitude and method.

In starting on their inquiries, animated by the lean, economical and sceptical spirit of science rather than with the opulent faith ordinarily associated with religion, the three commissions were appropriating the net benefit of a century of futile essays in searching for authentic knowledge of social processes. One social philosopher after another had explained social conduct as the verification of a principle or principles which he inferred from the facts of recorded social experience; and in so far as in his opinion he had reduced past social processes to law, he considered himself justified in sentencing future social processes to obey his determinations. But his assumed laws were in truth mere hypotheses which at best might help to explain what had already happened. They could determine future social conduct only through the agency of human choices and instruments. A disinterested student of social processes is not entitled to set up such hypotheses as the necessary or desirable forms for the conduct of other people. The subject matter of social science is the activities of human beings who are above everything else *themselves*. The conflicts, adjustments and solutions which we seek to understand or create are inseparably tied up with the choices and the behavior of the people who carry on the activities. The people themselves must be dealt with as realities which can be reached and moved only from the inside of their minds.

It follows that if an inquiry into Christianity as applied to life is to be really scientific, the inquirers have no right to formulate rules of Christian conduct in industry and politics and tell Christians that, if they propose to be Christian, they ought to behave according to the prescribed rules. No matter how inspired or ingenious a commission was in formulating its dictates, it would not by dictation start anything moving in the minds of other people which would enable them to Christianize their conduct. At best it would merely Christianize their interpretation of their conduct. A Christian mission cannot help others in giving reality to Christianity as a way of life without beginning by the issue of a self-denying ordinance for itself and a declaration of independence for them. Principles whether Christian or not are vehicles of understanding rather than instruments of authority.

By abandoning the attempt to reach authoritative conclusions which less enlightened people are under some obligation to accept and obey, the commissions abandoned what is in my opinion an insuperable obstacle to the translation of Christian or any other truth into a way of life for all human beings. As long as enlightened people believe that the key which unlocks the consummate life for mankind is their own formulation of what the consummate life is, they are obliged to propagate spiritual truth chiefly by exhorting other people to listen reverently and to obey, and by imposing some penalty for indifference or disobedience. They talk and act as if truth were superior to life and capable of dictating to life the way of living well. This very assumption is, I think, the obstacle which has in the past condemned Christianity, in spite of the spirit and the example of its Founder, to operate more as a matter of discipline, admonition and dictation than as a stimulus to autonomous and progressive living. Its abandonment by the commissions saves the Conference from proceeding along a road which in the beginning looks deceptively broad, smooth, easy and obvious but which eventually slides down hill into a trackless desert.

On the other hand the procedure adopted by the commissions will prove to be more constructive than in the beginning it looks. When they refused to penetrate social life with Christian truth by affirming the competence of certain Christian principles to declare how life ought to be lived, they acted as

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if life were prior to truth or at least as if life and truth were coördinate and interdependent. The procedure implies a revolt against the prevailing methods of realizing moral and social truths. Not only does it grant a reality to life, not our own, which such life can never obtain in the case of those who know enough to order it about, but in as much as the lives of these people must take orders, if anywhere, from within, it requires the commissions as the logical consequence of the adopted method, to start something moving in other minds. That, of course, is precisely what they have undertaken to do. They have selected as their agency of education and propaganda discussion groups, formed so far as possible of people who themselves participate in political and industrial conflicts. They are depending upon the intellectual and moral impulse and experience generated by well-managed discussions to arouse previously stagnant minds to the meaning of such conflicts and to the consideration of possible ways out. The object is to create a liaison between what these people are doing and what they are thinking which will help them to demonstrate in their own experience the indispensability of thought to the fulfillment of life and the indispensability of life to the objectification of thought.

If this liaison is a requisite indispensable to the realization of both life and thought, is not the method adopted by the commissions at least potentially religious—as religion was understood by the Lake Mohonk Conference? The Christians who felt the need of a conference on the Christian way of life proclaimed in effect that their religion would not be true to itself or faithful to its function unless it could become, much more than it now is, a way of life. They sought a better synthesis between life and truth. But if, as the method adopted by the commissions assumes, no formulation of truth, whether religious or not, can presume to dictate to life in so many words how it should behave in order to get itself realized, the problem of religious and Christian education takes on a novel, a perplexing and even a somewhat paradoxical character. Christian education will be dedicated primarily to the discovery of a method whereby life itself will secrete the truth which it needs for its own liberation. Whatever that method may be, it must include the sceptical, experimental, patient and tolerant assumption of the ability of human life to find the good way through the increasing understanding of its own experience which the commissions are practicing. This sceptical and experimental attitude is a necessary safeguard for the sanity of those people who seek to live by the light of truth in a world like ours in which what is declared to be God's truth is so often only a peculiarly pretentious form of error or illusion. But concealed in this sceptical attitude there is something resembling a religious faith. It attaches more reality and power to the lives of human beings than it does to any assertions or commandments which the authorities can utter about those lives. If human lives are to be fulfilled the fulfillment must result from the meaning which they themselves infuse into what they do. Those who act on this method are by implication setting up a catholic democratic fellowship which seeks to enlist their brothers in an undertaking to attain the good life by participating watchfully, disinterestedly, methodically and purposively in a parliament of common activities.

II.

Much, however, as I believe in the educational and possibly the religious value of the work now being undertaken by the commissions, their program remains unsatisfactory in one essential respect. It is limited to stimulating the thorough-going, attentive and well-informed discussion of conflicts which arise out of social activities by groups of people who participate in them. This program seems to me invulnerable so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. No doubt if it were put into practise by faithful Christians as sincerely, as devoutly and as generally as they now practice attendance on church, it would not only help to appease troublesome and dangerous social conflicts, but it would constitute the beginning of an improved individual moral education. Yet it would not, I feel sure, satisfy the imagination and the conscience of the great body of Christians or the urgent need of Christendom as a spiritual society. It lacks the direct appeal to personal aspiration, to purity and intensity of personal feeling which has been and will continue to be the most powerful source of Christian reformation. How can the Conference on the Christian Way of Life summon to its assistance the characteristically religious passion for purity of life and for personal spiritual power?

If the Conference has neglected to start inquiries in this direction, the fault is not entirely its own. For a reason to which we have already called attention, the layout of its work did not provide for an investigation into the possible increase of the personal religious aspiration and power which was available for Christianizing the conduct of a professedly Christian society of men and women. The meeting at Lake Mohonk planned only for the attempted transfer into social conduct of a fund of spiritual energy and religious truth which was assumed to have been successfully but too exclusively expended on the salvation of the individual soul. It is this assumption that we seem obliged now to call into question. The commissions have proposed a program which, if carried out by the churches, will gradually mobilize for the appeasement of social conflicts some part of the ability to realize righteousness and truth which Christians were already vindicating in their personal lives. But have they any reason for believing that Christians now possess any such ability in sufficient measure?

As soon as we candidly face the revolution in

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individual and social conduct which the sincere attempt to adopt Christianity as a way of life would involve, we are forced to put the question to ourselves which an anonymous writer in the Manchester Guardian put to the Englishmen who are interested in the corresponding effort of the British churches. After paying tribute to the ideals which Copec had rendered articulate he asks "whether there is in the churches today the necessary spiritual power to bring these ideals into being." If the resolutions passed at the Birmingham conference were acted upon, "they would involve something like a change in human nature. . . . So the question whether there is in England today the necessary spiritual force to effect the change is important." If the question is important for Copec, it is even more important for the American Conference on the Christian Way of Life. The British group sincerely believed that by passing resolutions which authoritatively formulated the principles of Christian social ethics, it was really adding a cubit to the stature of effective Christian moral aspiration. But the American group has at least provisionally renounced such an expectation. It does not count on infusing Christianity into social life by adopting good resolutions, and it is bound to be equally sceptical about their efficacy under the existing circumstances to give increasing reality and energy to individual religious aspiration. Popular Christianity of today, notwithstanding its services to the moral standards of the community, is not capable by the use of any of its customary methods of effecting the profound alteration of human nature which seems to be demanded. The problem of the Conference is not a problem of shifting or redistributing an existing fund of effective spiritual truth and energy. The spiritual insight and energy effective for the purpose does not exist. If it did exist and was being dedicated by the churches to redeeming individual lives in the sense of inspiring them with sufficient aspiration and knowledge to fulfill themselves in this world, it would already have enabled the churches to create Christians who would not feel themselves so helpless in the face of social conflicts. The Problem of the Conference is to suggest some way of calling to the assistance of Christendom a substantial increase of spiritual aspiration and energy which, if it could be evoked, would invigorate and reconstruct human life as a whole and in all its expressions.

The Conference is not prepared by its present organization and program to consider this problem. It has abandoned the commission on religious education which might have searched for possible ways of impregnating individual minds with an increasing passion for their own and general human fulfillment. The commission on the Church will be occupied chiefly with the adequacy of that institution as a spiritual society in competition or coöperation with other less spiritual societies rather than with the problem of regenerating the individual and increasing his effective spiritual power. The several commissions which are investigating the application of Christianity to special regions of social misconduct are employing a method which, so far as it goes, infuses Christian conviction with the energy of life, but the scope of their investigation and the adequacy of the method are limited. They have no express license to inquire into the nature and source and the possible acceleration and increase of Christian spiritual energy and vision in general. Yet the progress of their own investigations is checked by the want of some provisional answers to these inquiries. At the same time their scepticism as to the existence of Christian formulas which are capable of appeasing social conflicts renders it indispensable for them to seek some substitute for the important part which in the past a devout belief in the efficacy of formulas has played in the manufacture of spiritual energy.

What I am driving at, consequently, is this. If Christianity is to furnish to modern society an authentic way of appeasing the conflicts which are by way of tearing it to pieces, its professors must not only, as we have already concluded, stimulate their less enlightened brothers to act as if they were capable of realizing their own lives, but they must set up Christian schools which are qualified to convert this capability into more of an actuality. Well managed group discussion will no doubt do much to humanize those who participate in social activities, but the educational value of group discussion depends largely on the personal quality of the members of the groups. It results only in partial understanding, in impoverished agreements and possibly in costly decisions just in proportion as the people who participate therein begin by being unawakened, uninvigorated and unenlightened. Why are they not better prepared? Clearly because the education which they obtain as Christians is not an education which enables them to infuse the truth of Christianity into their lives. They do not know how to take counsel either with others or with themselves and to live bravely by the light of the accruing wisdom. The failure of the Christian churches to derive from their gospel of peace and understanding a method of appeasing or integrating social conflicts is the reflection of a deeper failure. They have also failed to study disinterestedly and searchingly how human personalities which are so frequently torn by equally unmanageable, elusive and stubborn conflicts and which usually confuse self-control with certain specific habits of self-denial, can integrate themselves by the assimilation of Christian or any other truth. The Conference on the Christian Way of Life cannot make any headway with its task of providing a social equivalent for Christianity unless it adds to its undertaking an equally scientific study of what individual souls must do, know and believe in order to be liberated, unified and redeemed.

If these contentions are justified, the Conference

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should provide in some effective way for the exhaustive study of the fundamental problem of how Christians can make the religion of Jesus Christ more creative of liberated, invigorated and integrated human beings. I shall not try to suggest what the provision should be, but whatever else it is, it should be planned to meet one particular demand. By undertaking this responsibility the Conference would not be adding to its program of work one more region of special investigation, as it would, for instance, if it set up a commission on the family and the relations between men and women. It would be starting an inquiry, the results of which would be formative for the future work of all the existing and all possible future commissions. The new agency, whatever it is, would deal with the central problem of the conference as a whole, and it should be constituted for the purpose of bringing to bear on the work all the intellectual and moral resources which the membership of the group contained.

Should the Conference set up a group or several groups which are to study how Christian truth is to be rendered more dynamic and creative for all human activities, personal and social, the first question which these groups would have to decide is again that of method. How can they acquire the knowledge which may help it to perform their task? They would not, like the special commissions, be exploring regions of secular human experience which in the past have so often been supposed to owe allegiance to some non-religious authority. They would, on the contrary, be studying what has always been the central problem of religious or Christian truth in its relation to life, and for this reason they would be strongly tempted to begin the inquiry in a less sceptical spirit than did the special commissions. They would be tempted, that is, to assume that the most important material for them to study is the historical record of Christianity—the different attempts which sincere Christians have at different times and under different conditions made to give reality to Christianity as a way of life. They might naturally expect to derive from an examination of the periods and lives which were more profoundly moved by Christian truth than are the Christians today, the knowledge which they need in order to give reality under contemporary conditions to the Christian way of life.

In my opinion this would be a mistake. The Conference cannot obtain the knowledge which will enable the Christian churches to associate Christian conviction with an enhanced quality and energy of human personality by a critical examination of the worldly record of Christianity. Such an examination is, I think, an essential part of the work of the Conference, but it is introductory to the main job rather than contributory thereto. If the light which the Conference is seeking could be obtained from an examination of the triumphs which Christians as the result of Christian faith have found the power to achieve, this assembly would not, I believe, be necessary. The knowledge which it is seeking would then be incorporated in the common consciousness of Christians. It is rendered necessary by the more exacting requirements which the scientific, industrialized, secular and coöperative civilization of today is making upon the effective spiritual insight and energy of mankind. Civilization can no longer afford to overlook the continuation of those internal conflicts which in the past did not disturb the equanimity of the most impassioned Christians. Even St. Francis of Assisi took part in a holy war. An inquiry into the method whereby the Christian churches may create the spiritual energy necessary to realize a Christian way of life in the world of today must explore the energy and the flight of the human spirit, not so much in its historic manifestations as in its essential processes and in novel possibilities.

Christianity has not heretofore tackled the job of educating Christians to live adequately, freely and so far as possible harmoniously in this world. The most impassioned Christians have regarded secular life as a brief, miserable and necessarily discordant prelude to an eternity of privation or fulfillment in the world beyond. They have regarded human nature as depraved and incapable of fulfillment save by virtue of some miracle of divine intercession and grace. Such being their attitude, they have sought a method of conducting life in this world which at best amounted to no more than the preparation for a consummation which would take place elsewhere. The good life consisted in building up certain habits of self-denial which were considered equivalent to positive and general self-control and purging one's state of mind of carnal and selfish passions. Those whom Christianity saved were being rescued from an enemy. They were being delivered from a prison which consisted of human life itself and the surrounding world of nature. This contempt for human nature and its fulfillment in this world dominated Christian consciousness until an increasing knowledge of nature and human society brought with it a new hope for mankind. During the eighteenth century men began to believe that scientific research would furnish to humanity methods of controlling nature which would alleviate the misery, the discord and the impotence which had frustrated human life. This hope first appeared among people who were not Christian and to whom it became a promise of increased individual satisfaction through the augmented production and the socialized distribution of an economic surplus. Later the Christian churches began to share the hope and to express it in their social creeds and aspirations. But by so doing official Christianity altered by implication the valuation which it had traditionally placed on life in this world and the meaning which it attached to human fulfillment. Not only did it pledge itself by adopting a social program to seek a method of social amelioration

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which was both scientific and Christian; it also pledged itself by the same innovation to seek a method of individual fulfillment which could only be derived from a study of the latent possibilities of the formerly despised and distrusted nature of man.

That is why in my opinion the method and knowledge which Christians need in order to give reality to Christianity, conceived as a way of life, cannot be derived from a study of the historical record.. Jesus bequeathed to his followers a gospel, an example and a vision, but he did not bequeath to them, or his immediate disciples did not understand him well enough to discover from the way in which he lived, a trustworthy method of keeping the truth which he incarnated alive in themselves and other people. His later disciples have tried many methods, including ritual and worship of all kinds, indoctrination, impassioned meditation, magic, preaching and prayer. Particularly during the past three centuries Christians have propagated Christianity very largely as a truth which would liberate human life through the creative uplift of potent and sacred words. But they have never sought for a method which was derived from a study of human nature itself, which would know enough to bring liberation to human beings during this life and which had to be handed down, not by being recorded and expounded, but by being applied by individual Christians in elucidating their own experience. Recognition of the value of such a method, of its possible attainment, of the way in which it can be attained, and of the hopelessness of searching for it by exploring the historical record is the great need of contemporary Christianity.

In fact the present dependence of official Christianity on the power of noble and sacred words to create spiritual energy makes it extremely difficult for ardent Christians to reach an imaginative understanding of what a method or way of life is and how it differs from a way of discourse. Of course good Christians are wholly sincere in proposing to realize Christian truth in their lives, but they take for granted that the knowledge of the Christian record and the worship of Christian symbols, reinforced by personal sincerity, is sufficient to convert Christians into personalities whose lives are being fulfilled by the incarnation of Christian truth. In as much as they passionately or devoutly will the end, they assume themselves to have willed the means. But they do not know what the means are, and the ignorance is fatal. For unless they are conscious of their own processes and by consciousness achieve self-control, the end is realized, if at all, without their participation. They will never find out what the means are until they cease to be so confidently preoccupied with the virtue of promulgating the end. If they wish to translate Christianity into a way of life, they must first realize how completely destitute they are of a method which will enable them to unfold their lives in the light of any authentic knowledge of themselves. After they have reached an understanding of how human nature works and how it can become individualized, they can consider how far the naturally good life, in so far as they have learned to live it, is not also the Christian life.

The search for this method, although conducted for the purpose of throwing light on a Christian way of life, would be primarily scientific. Like all scientific inquiries it would undertake its enterprise guiltless of any allegiance except to the truth as developed by the inquiry itself. Those who undertook it could not assume a certain conception of Christianity in order to try out whether or how far it would work in unfolding human life. By so doing they would place their trust, not in human life itself, but in a Christianity which insisted on being an intellectual and external interpretation of human life. If human beings are able by experience in living to secrete a truth whereby they as individuals can liberate their lives, that truth must be embodied in a method rather than in a hypothesis, principle or a dogma or even a symbol. The truth for which they were searching would have to be both realized through the medium of lives which were actually being lived and could not be envisaged without confidence in those lives.

In so far as they sought for a method rather than a principle or hypothesis, the members of the group which conducted the inquiry would have to submit to a drastic but an inspiring test of success. Unlike social investigators the inquirers would be to an unusual extent personally responsible for their own success or failure. A commission which deals with Christianity in industry or politics is investigating chiefly the activities of other people—of employers, wage-earners, statesmen, voters and generals. It must take these people as it finds them and depend upon a method which will open and stir up other minds and stimulate them to watch and reform their activities. But the members of groups which applied the scientific method and spirit to the possible regeneration of individual life would be engaged primarily in reforming not other people but themselves. In so far as they caught a glimpse of some promising way of liberating human life, they would be bound to test by personal experiment whether or not the guess was good. They would conduct the inquiry at their own spiritual expense. They would themselves be living as well as inquiring, and the life and the inquiry would be inseparable, if not indistinguishable. They must either produce something in the nature of regenerative human lives or they will have failed to vindicate their enterprise.

The time is ripe for the starting of such an experimental inquiry. Recent additions to the prevailing knowledge of the human mind and body are encouraging. There are plausible reasons for believing that human beings are physiological and psychological units of a kind which are always mov-

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ing in the direction of more or less complete wholeness. They are capable of fulfillment only as individual personalities and in terms of the progressive movement of their own lives. This conception of human nature is proposed as the result of observations, but it cannot be vindicated merely by observation. Its verification demands systematic and whole-hearted experimentation designed to discover how far and in what way the progressive individualized integration of human lives can be brought about. It demands, that is, the kind of inquiry which I am proposing as the essential task of the Conference on the Christian Way of Life. Precisely because prevailing psychological theories call for and are provoking experiments in the laboratory of life itself, there are many investigators of all kinds who have already started upon the search, and in a few years there will be many more.

There are obvious and powerful reasons why devout Christians should not allow this immensely important inquiry to be monopolized by psychophysiologists or lay moralists. A large part of the future credit of Christianity is staked on the result. The prevailing knowledge of human nature is now passing through an upheaval analogous to that which took place in cosmology at the time of Copernicus and Galileo. If as a consequence of this knowledge it is possible to develop a method of liberating and integrating human lives which work sufficiently well but in which the Christian gospel and experience play no part, Christianity will enter upon a final misunderstanding with science from which it is certain to suffer. This result may well take place, unless the leaders of the Christian church understand at once the crying need of increased spiritual energy and vision, the impossibility of obtaining it without discovering a better method of liberating and integrating individual human lives and the necessity of seeking that method by trusting and stimulating human beings to develop their own means of fulfillment rather than by imposing it on them by some assumption of other worldly authority.

Devout Christians have no reason to fear the search for such a method unless they themselves turn away from it and continue to wager the future of Christianity on their ability to uplift mankind chiefly by the power of sacred and authoritative words. Jesus himself has expressed far more lucidly and persuasively than any other religious teacher a conception of human nature fundamentally similar to that which is now emerging as a result of purely scientific inquiry. But his followers did not understand that he meant and failed to associate the fulfillment of this conception with belief in the person and message of Christ. They tried to keep the personality of Jesus alive chiefly by means of doctrine, worship and prayer, but these methods of propagation, indispensable as they were, had one fatal defect. They obscured in the minds of Christians the vision of human personality as a self-moved unit of infinite possibilities which was foretold and incarnated by the Master. Applied Christianity has been, consequently, only too often sometimes an heroic and sometimes a merely well-intentioned but weak attempt to compensate for the pretentious ignorance which in the name of religion Christians had cherished about human nature. The proposed inquiry implies a revival of the original conception of human nature which Jesus Christ envisaged in his life and teaching and which has withered in the church precisely because Christians turned to words and records rather than to human nature itself in order to discover a method of giving reality to Christianity.

Although such an inquiry in so far as it was successful, would bring into existence for the first time a body of knowledge which could really be called Christian, it would depart from perhaps the most fundamental tradition of Christian education—the tradition that when a Christian convert is re-born through faith in Jesus, the willing of the end of regeneration is tantamount to willing the means which shall give reality to the end. The tradition has hitherto not only prevented Christian education from seeking a technique of individual human fulfillment, but it has blinded generation after generation of sincere Christians to the reason for their impotence to realize Christianity as a way of life and what they must do in order to repair the default. It has sentenced Christian ethics to a servitude to partial and negative ends which has too often associated official Christianity with an ignorant loyalty to one side in irreconcilable moral or social conflicts. It has encouraged Christians to console themselves with illusory verbal escapes from the dilemmas in which they have allowed their personalities to be entangled. It has substituted in devout Christians a knowledge of words for the knowledge of life and how life can be lived consummately which was implicit in the gospel of their Master. If Christianity is ever to become a way of life this tradition must be abandoned, and the Christians who abandon it can and must employ a better method of justifying their non-conformity than by argument or even persuasion. Their only possible vindication turns upon their ability to demonstrate by their increasing mastery in the conduct of life the comparative fertility of their interpretation of Christian truth.

In the meantime would the Conference on the Christian Way of Life have any assured right to invoke the name of Christian on behalf of this inquiry? Perhaps not. It would not be an attempt to impose what we mean and believe by Christianity on human life but to find out whether human life, in so far as we know how to realize it, would not as a consequence of self-development be better prepared to assimilate the spirit, the method and the example of Jesus. The possible method of more harmonious and spiritually powerful living which the inquiry might disclose would not be hall-

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marked as Christian. The result would be available no less for pious pagans than for faithful Christians. But faithful Christians would, I think, show little faith in the truth of their religion if they attached much importance to this lack of perfect assurance. The results of all scientific inquiry are, if authentic, valid for all human beings irrespective of religious faith. It would remain for Christians to prove that, as Christians and as a consequence of their Christian convictions they were capable of adding something to the fulfillment of human life which was denied to the pious pagan. This they can undoubtedly do if Christianity is a truthful interpretation of the reality of human life, and if there is any virtue in the idea of vicarious atonement. But they can do it only after having trusted every possible future convert to Christianity with the opportunity and the obligation to discover the truth of Christianity for himself as the result of his own methodical moral and religious experience.

If faithful Christians will understand how completely they now lack an authentic method of realizing a good life and what steps they must take to repair the deficiency, they will have started a new era in the propagation of Christianity. A religion in so far as it really takes possession of the minds of good people must above all appeal to the imagination. Christianity has, I think, appealed more vividly and beautifully to the imaginations of its disciples than has any other religion; but the vividness and the effectiveness of this appeal has been impaired by the moral and intellectual compulsions and obligations which have been attached to it. In so far as we accept Christianity as a matter of obligation rather than as a matter of more complete and intelligent participation in life itself, the Christian gospel and its record become a dogma and a discipline which overpower the mind and the will rather than an imaginative vision of the whole man which when reënforced by a valid art of living may help to bring the whole man into existence.

HERBERT CROLY.

A Green International

FARMERS of the world—unite! . . . cautiously, conservatively, the international idea dawns upon agriculture. Unlike labor, which leaped to world organization before unions existed in half a dozen countries, agriculture has proceeded carefully and sceptically, scratching its head at every step. It is true that in 1848 an International Agricultural Congress was held which has been repeated at intervals of a few years ever since. But these congresses are too unrepresentative and spasmodic to count as a real international organization. There have also been formed recently several international associations, like that of the wine-growers, of a special technical nature, but a broad confederation of all farmers' organizations does not exist. Twenty years ago David Lubin, merchant and fruit grower from California, preached the gospel of internationalism for farmers —not for government appointees and avowed friends of agriculture,—but for farmers. No self-respecting farmer would listen to him, naturally. It took the King of Italy to do that. But since 1905 there has been a tendency of large farm organizations to understand that it's a small world after all, with agriculture all over it, and on May 8, 1924, at Rome, the gap between tendency and tangibility was finally bridged. Dr. Ernest Laur, president of the Swiss Peasants' Union, called a meeting of representatives from the important farmers' organizations of all countries before whom he urged that an international federation be formed. He spoke to men who had worked for union and coöperation in their own countries and who knew the advantages of both. One after another they rose and endorsed his plan. Though their approval could not be official and did not commit their organizations to anything at all, it showed the leaders ready to consider an initial step toward international federation. By the time they had elected a committee to correspond with all the important agricultural associations of all countries for suggestion and support they had taken that step.

This is the beginning of a beginning, of course. What the form of the organization will be no one can say, since that depends on what the federation members want. Besides the technical questions which concern special branches of agriculture, like the seed growers, dairymen or wine growers, there are large questions which touch agriculturists as a whole. Since the war, for instance, there has been a profound change in land tenures all over Europe. The experiments in public ownership and division of large estates which have been extensively made, have not had unbiassed interpretation. Farmers and intelligent representatives of farmers, in unpolitical coöperation, could interpret these facts, and on them base their fight for agricultural justice. Farm labor is at present regulated by the Labor Bureau at Geneva. This is most unsatisfactory because the Bureau in no way represents agriculture. It is especially desirable, therefore, that farmers have some way of expressing their opinion. There are a dozen other questions—prevention of insect pests and plant diseases, international coöperation in buying fertilizer and raw materials, stabilization of prices, limitation of interest rates—all difficult questions, all rooted in divergent interests, yet full of possibility. These questions must be divided broadly between various types of international organization —some already existing, some needing to be

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formed. Then, according to Dr. Laur's idea, "it would seem essential to create a central organization representing all the great forces which aim at special purposes," and so comprehensively conceived that all national organizations could belong to it as well.

This is the International Secretariat of Agriculture as Dr. Laur proposed it. What delays and changes, what ingenious suspicions and bucolic apathies the scheme will suffer on its next lap are too easy to foresee. But there are two things certain about international organization in agriculture, and one is that it will come.

The other is its close connection, when it comes, with the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. This is essential. It is the fortunate and important thing about the venture. For the new organization, whatever its form, will be only a late fruit of the branch that bore the Institute. It will be the final fulfillment of David Lubin's idea.

David Lubin had his idea at the end of ten years' arduous thought and activity in the mazes of transportation, marketing and tariff in the United States. He was a vigorous thinker with the will of justice in his blood and an amazing way of transforming logic into practice. He saw industry growing fat in the shelter of its tariff, and commerce lustily wielding discrimination and graft, while the farmers, — mute, unorganized, helpless — slaved from dark to dark for the privilege of losing money. In the McKinley election he fought desperately for a bounty on agricultural exports to balance the advantage to industry of a protective tariff. It was the first audible protest in the long resentment which produced the McNary-Haugen Bill, and the first failed like the last. Despairing, Lubin saw patent justice flouted and ignored. Then, as logic pushed him a step further, his old convictions melted. National barriers and artificial props suddenly seemed to him like sand-walls in the way of the tide. He became convinced that mercantilism is futile in a world of modern communications. Business-like coöperation between agricultural countries, like the coöperation he had started among the fruit growers in California occurred to him as the reasonable way out. Farmers suffered everywhere from unforeseen overproduction, from unfair ocean freight-rates, from manipulation of prices. They suffered from ignorance, that is. In the face of accurate information about crops in different parts of the world such injustices could not go on. Plant and animal diseases do not stop at frontiers—international measures in fighting them would be twice as effective as isolated attempts. The questions which concerned farmers anywhere—rural coöperation, insurance, credit, farm labor, technical improvements—concerned them in various degrees everywhere. Out of an institute which would study these questions impartially would come a substantial benefit to all farmers. As Lubin thought of this possible bond between the largest and most important elements of the world's population, he saw in it more than a material benefit. It seemed to him just enough and unpolitical enough to build peace upon. And so, because he could not hold a conviction without acting upon it, his life became a fever of effort to get his idea realized.

Washington was deaf to his proposal. In the late summer of 1904 therefore, he went to France, where the authorities whom he was able to meet turned him down no less promptly. Nothing daunted he proceeded to Rome—an unaccredited, unknown American Jew—to lay his plan before the King of Italy. There luck favored him. He found for interpreter Signora Agresti, a really great woman, who saw at once the truth in this curious man. She made his cause her own, devoting to it all the faculties of her remarkable mind. Through the good offices of a minister who happened to be struck by Lubin's passionate logic an interview was obtained with Victor Emanuel at his hunting box near Pisa. It was a dramatic episode. Lubin emerged from the interview with a promise that the matter would be looked into, and the next January the King sent to his minister Giolitti the famous letter recommending that all the nations be called on to join in an international institute of agriculture "at which the representatives of the adhering states and the larger associations concerned might assemble, and harmonize the authority of governments with the free energies of farmers."

The international conference met in Rome in May, 1905. The result of its labors was the treaty of June 7, which would have been, for any man less indomitably sanguine than Lubin, a serious disappointment. He saw his idea materializing in a pale emasculated form. Instead of an organization supported by the farmers themselves through their own associations and drawing them together in a common enterprise, the institute was made purely governmental, an academic affair, capable of being dominated by diplomats who had never heard a cow moo. What a great good fortune this miscarriage of his idea was to be in the end Lubin could not have realized. But he saw that it was too soon for a real international organization of farmers. Association, even on a national scale, was too new as yet. The farmer, always an individualist, would have to get used to fraternity at home before he could expand to call the world his brother. And a too radical departure in the Rome treaty would prevent any ratification at all—Lubin saw that.

This is the pre-natal history of the institute. Forty governments ratified the treaty, King Victor Emanuel presented a sumptuous building in the Villa Borghese, and in 1908 the work began. Though the farmers whose crops and lands and well-being were in question did not even guess the existence of the institute, yet as the work went on its peculiar value became more and more apparent. By 1923 more than sixty governments had joined.

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Here was an institution, then, which combined nearly all the nations of the world in a really impartial, really successful coöperative venture. Though it was run by a permanent committee of state appointees, who received orders from their governments and reported to them, politics, except in a trifling way, did not enter into it. Its work of research and collation was carried on in the scientific spirit which reckons benefit by wholes. And the four years' strain and disorganization of the war proved the value of this work, for it survived.

Of the four main services of the institute the most important, and that which has received most recognition from the public, is the crop reporting. By securing accurate data from all the important staple-producing areas of the world, the institute is able to publish monthly reports on the conditions of crops and the state of reserves all over the world. This service is making fraudulent rumors and dishonest reporting impossible. It is checking violent fluctuations in prices and the growth of monopolies. It is the just and open way that Lubin dreamed. Since the war an additional telegraphic service is being built up for the instant transmission of important news. On one occasion, for instance, a storm which swept Sicily on a late afternoon destroyed nearly the whole lemon crop. The institute report was wirelessed at once to America and thanks to eight hours difference in time, it reached the California lemon growers on the morning before the storm.

The other work of the institute consists in the collection and collation of technical and economic information about agriculture. It has amassed a library of about 90,000 books, reports, etc., and 3500 periodicals from all countries and in all languages. It publishes a yearbook of agricultural legislation and one on statistics, and two views on the Science and Practise of Agriculture and Agricultural Economics, containing articles by eminent authorities of every nation. The data which concern all agricultural matters, and particularly the two most urgent international problems of the day—food supply and raw material for industry—are being preserved in the records and publications of the institute.

The virtue of the institute is its isolation, its scientific apartness. This, too is its fault. Though during the war the work was continued very creditably under very trying circumstances, it was apparent in 1919 that its usefulness was not equal to the effort which a conscientious staff was putting into it. Intrinsically their research and compilation was of the utmost value, practically—except for the crop reports—it was a light under a bushel. And in their busy-ness to collect facts which no one ever heard of and to publish periodicals to which no one subscribed, many of the directors of the institute lost sight of the broad promise of international agriculture, of the immense possibility which they controlled in a league of nations ready formed, warmly supported or at least confided in, by all the governments in the world.

It was Signora Agresti, who after David Lubin's death, realized the danger of this charmed sleep. She turned to the United States, which had, since the war, lost all interest in the institute. With the help of Mrs. Charlotte B. Ware of Massachusetts she arranged two tours in America in 1921 and 1923, proselytizing for her faith in the institute. It was entirely as a result of the work of these two women that Secretary Wallace called a conference in June, 1923, which resulted in the formation of an American Committee for the International Institute of Agriculture. It was a committee of the 100 most influential friends of agriculture in the United States. The committee exercised some of its influence, and Congress unanimously passed an appropriation sending sixteen delegates to the 1924 Assembly at Rome.

The American delegation which arrived in Rome on the second of May represented the cream of American agricultural interests. They came to break the Olympian calm of the institute, and set it functioning. Their curt unceremonious proposals for administrative reform offended the Europeans, but reforms were made. They also cherished the project of an international bureau of federated farmers' associations to work hand in hand with the institute. On this point President Coolidge had written: "In shaping the agricultural policies of the United States, the government welcomes the fullest coöperation of agricultural organizations, and in the wider range of the institute we believe a similar joint effort will render results more effective."

The American delegates found that they were not alone in ardently wishing for such a joint effort. Since European governments do not always "welcome the fullest coöperation of agricultural organizations," a channel through which farmers could reach the institute independently of state departments would be welcomed. The assembly passed a resolution, therefore, instructing the permanent committee "to establish relations as soon as possible with the agricultural associations of all countries," and recommending that the best means of bringing the associations into relation with each other should be examined.

The next day, profiting by the presence of so many representatives of important agricultural associations, Dr. Laur called his meeting, and the first stone of the Farmers' International was laid.

By the happy misinterpretation of an idea the institute was founded to be a withdrawn institution, a research bureau in international agriculture, connected with no popular aims or strivings beyond the impartial diffusion of facts. Until now its work has been fairly crude because it is still very near its beginning. But the 1924 assembly gave it a strong push toward the superlative place it is bound to hold. Now, at the moment of its new strength, it is being given a complement, the ground

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for its seed, the instrument for its truth. If the secretariat of agricultural associations proposed by Dr. Laur succeeds, it will inevitably draw on the institute for information and expert advice. The institute will in turn depend for data on this new direct link with the farmer. And so the aggressive forces joined for battle and the impartial body bound to truth will work hand in hand. It is a daring conception, but not chimerical. It is one of few hopes for the weakening farmer. It has the form and the germ of peace.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Puju

"IT is only the first plunge," she said to herself. That first plunge—getting out on to the platform in the gray cold morning. Does anyone who talks of dawn know what it means? Not a shimmering, opalescent hour, still with the silence of unawakened birds, mysteriously curtained in suspense—but a bleak hour of unlit daylight, a cold logical defeat of darkness—starless, moonless, sunless—

As she got out of the train, she thought: "How I hate these moments when the world is not revealed but exposed. . . . My nose must look very shiny," she added to herself.

"What an unwelcoming house," she thought—

Even her butler—her very own beloved butler—looked as if he had, after all, risen too early to rise to an occasion. Some of the curtains had been left drawn. Everywhere the half-light seemed a form of half-mourning.

At dawn you feel as if you had gone on to the stage without any grease paint. Can it be that life is an oversight?

After her hot bath and her hot coffee, with the daylight becoming once more white and non-existent, she felt a little better—

"I shall be glad to see the black winter trees and the white skeletons of trees like forgotten coral reefs. I shall be glad to sit in the banqueting-hall in front of the huge fire, and hear Casimir say: 'Nothing will keep this room warm in winter.' I shall like to know that five yards away from myself I can freeze."

Then—much more softly—as if she were beginning to think not of compensations but of joys, she said to herself—"There is Ethel."

"It is just as well we sent the children to Switzerland," Casimir said.

"Much better."

"Cicely can't stand this climate, and it is such fun for Alan."

"Such fun."

He looked at her with a half smiling, half bitter recognition of the things she did for him—the things that he hated to accept and that he couldn't do without.

"Murren is so very sunny, and you love the sun," he muttered a little savagely. "You are making all the sacrifices."

"Nonsense," she retorted lightly. "The children have got their fun and I have got you."

"Inevitably." He never could help digging about among her unhappinesses. Then he smiled.

"You have got Puju," he said.

Puju was her beloved setter—his coat made of uncurled white ostrich feathers with dim black hair which had been quite snowed under.

"And Ethel," she said.

He went up to her and put his hands on her shoulders.

"I am glad you have got Ethel."

Perhaps it was an *"amende honorable"*—perhaps he wanted to tell himself that he could afford to be glad of all her pleasures.

* * *

She was holding out her hands to the fire—her fingers fluttering a little like leaves. "I must thaw my blue nose," she said. Puju lay half asleep gleaming orange in the fire light. Sheila's dark red head looked as if a furnace were burning inside it.

"There are too many things to talk about," Ethel pronounced.

Sheila murmured—"It doesn't work like that. If I can say 'I have got a new gold thimble,' everything will be all right because then the big things will be able to stretch themselves slowly like yawns—but if I have to tell you important things, then I shan't be delivering accounts to you, but accountings."

"It is winter," Ethel said. "We have so many Arabian evenings in front of us."

Sheila smiled. "Long evenings that we can stretch like concertinas.— Isn't it horrible to think that one may want to shut one's concertina back again?"

They sat and talked, but, in spite of everything, on that first afternoon facts appeared and demanded attention, amplification, recognition. There were things that Sheila wanted to know—to put them aside and get rid of them, but Ethel exacted information as if she were levying a tax on Sheila's life—not out of interest, but in an obscure desire to possess something.

"I want to talk to you about everything," Sheila said—to try and nail herself down. Always before, she had gurgled and spluttered and toppled things into Ethel's lap in a glorious mess of muddled, unchoosing intimacy. But today, she said to herself—"I must tell Ethel about Mark, or she will be hurt."

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"I must tell"—isn't that the first breach of confidence, the first denial of trust?

They talked a great deal, with never a pause. Occasionally Ethel said that she "quite understood" something that Sheila had done, and Sheila felt a little shiver at this determined testimonial. At last she got up—she had stayed longer than usual. Puju shook himself—he flamed in the firelight. Ethel patted him.

"Puju is getting old," she said.

It was quite dark as Sheila drove home, the road was clogged with banks of thick white mist rolling up like an angry but powerless sea—as if in the middle of a storm each wave had been becalmed. Puju's head was on her lap. Occasionally, his tail would rise and fall slowly, making a little thud of joy.

"Did you have a grand gossip?" Casimir asked.

"A grand gossip."

"How cold you are."

"So is Puju. Do you think Puju was glad to see us?"

"You baby, Puju was overjoyed."

"But if one is only a smell—Puju might get tired of us just as I get tired of César Franck and strawberry ice."

"One isn't just a smell I don't expect."

She looked at him. "Casimir, do you think that we are to animals, what they are to us? Something absolute which they can't even spoil themselves?"

"I think so. A love beyond the weakness of psychological undermining."

He looked at Puju. "Puju's in fine fettle," he said. "He looks younger and better than I've ever seen him."

He felt her arms round his neck and her wet cold cheek pressed against his.

"Casimir," she said, "I do love you."

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

Some Like Them Hot

LEM BEALE, Wilsonian postmaster now unattached, heaved a sigh of relief. He heaved it at Elmer Durkin, Wappington's famous fountain of misinformation.

"Thank Heaven *that's* over!" exclaimed Mr. Beale.

"You mean," said the newsdealer, "the K. K. Chaos down in Tex Rickard's dump? Pretty rough stuff, all right."

"Course it turned out pretty well," the loyal Democrat declared. "But I'm afraid it hurt us. Everybody is so disgusted with the performance."

"Deal me out of that, Lem. It handed me a good time all the way. I ate it up in big gobs in the papers and on the radio. Life'll be a flat tire now for a while."

"No accounting for tastes, as the fella said."

"That's right, too. Some like hot dogs, some like Esquimo pie. I think this had a lot more kick in it than the cold storage stuff the Gops handed out at Cleveland, and there's a lot of guys in this burg stringin' along with me on that. You can't always go by the dirty cracks in the papers. Those pessimists were sore because they took it by the job instead of on piece work. Like at World's Series time—if it runs over five games those typewriter ticklers begin crabbing the act when most of us tank-towners would hock our souls for a good seat. In kindness to dumb animals I yield to none, as the windjammers say, but how much do the sufferings of those trained seals mean in my young life? In round numbers, nothing.

"I doubt whether the delegates were so het up about that Home Sweet Home stuff either; otherwise they'd have spilled the beans on the third ballot instead of the hundred-and-third. Since when did an Irish politician get tired of fighting or a Southern colonel throw a hate on oratory? Suppose you were one of those wild-and-woollies, Lem, and you hadn't seen anything for four years but a flock of alfalfa. Would you hate yourself because you had to one-step around the Waldorf for a couple of weeks in ice cream pants, with your manly chest all hung with bunting like a street fair? If they hadn't run out of jack, I bet they'd have stuck around for a month. By that time they'd have been regular old New Yorkers and handed it to Al Smith on a platter.

"The first week was the hardest, but they were young and husky then. I don't suppose anybody ever inhaled so much poison gas without croaking as the poor boobs lapped up during those eight million nominating speeches. Some day the science sharks may dope out a way to kill a Democrat, but it's a cinch he can't be choked to death with blah. That's been tried and it's an awful flop.

"Then the Southerners brought out their family washing and everybody got into hot water. I thought they were goners that time. Funny how the Democracy always puts its worst hoof forward! If you say 'K. K. K.' to the elephant it answers, 'Ain't the moon beautiful!' if you say it to the donkey, it kicks itself all over the lot. And when it's finished they both look about the same.

"Whoever invited the Klucks to this party certainly pulled a boner. Those roughnecks never even *heard* of the book of etiquette. If a guy was a friend of theirs or an enemy, he was out of luck. They carried a wallop in both fists. They hung the old K. O. on McAdoo and Smith, on both Ralston and Underwood. They put the everlasting kibosh on Bryan. When the convention picked Brother Char-

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ley for V. P. it saved old Bill from a shut-out but nobody can ever say this was a Commoner Garden Party.

"I bet McAdoo wishes he'd never heard of those nightie-nighties. I don't suppose he was goofy about 'em himself, but every time he unbuttoned his face for the rights of manhood, everybody thought he said Klan hood. I'll say for William that he was a glutton for punishment. I guess the ladies helped him to stick it out. They'd pinned their hopes on Mac, and when a woman pins something, it's there! If it hadn't been for Doheny and the three K brothers he'd be sitting pretty today, instead of grumping around the Vanderbilt and biting the help.

"I don't know whether Al Smith ever had a show, but I have a hunch he'd been more of a wow if the racket had been staged in Tucson, Arizona instead of New York. Al's a good guy and I wouldn't knock his friends but some of those birds should be locked in the woodshed when there's company for dinner. Maybe the lads from the wide open spaces would have forgiven the Governor for being a wet and a Catholic and a Tammany Hall-boy, but nobody could swallow that bunch of hootleggers in the gallery. They handed Al the finest collection of unnecessary noises in history, but it didn't get him anywhere in the box score.

"So that's how come John W. Davis brought home the bacon; he never got balled up with the Klan either way and he had hardly any friends. There's where he was all hung full of horseshoes because what few he had, down Wall Street way, almost ruined him."

"Very able man, I guess," said Mr. Beale. "Quiet, dignified—"

"That makes two of 'em," said Elmer. "If Bob La Follette doesn't upset the apple-cart it looks as if we were let in for a mums extra dry campaign."

FELIX RAY.

VERSE

Bird and Bosom—Apocalyptic

Turning within the body the ghostly part
Said, When at last dissembling flesh is riven,
A little instant when the flesh is cast,
Then thou most poor, steadfast, defeated heart,
Thou wilt stay dissolution, thou thus shriven,
And we be known at last.

This holy vision there shall be:
The desolate breast, the pinioned bird that sings;
The breast-bones whited ivory,
The bird more fair than phoenix-wings;
And hurt more politic to shun,
It gentles only by its sighs;
And most on the forbidden one
Drop pity and love from the bird's eyes;
And what lips profit not to speak
Is silver chords on the bird's beak.

Alas!

At the dream's end the ghostly member said,
Before these walls are rotted which enmesh
That bird round, is the sweet bird dead.
The swan, they say,
An earthly bird,
Dies all upon a golden breath;
But here is heard
Only the body's rattle against death.
And cried, No way, no way!
And beat this way and that upon the flesh.

LÉONIE ADAMS.

Vain Counsel

She is very foolish if she loves a sailor.
In the night a little wind can blow her lids apart,
Or if a norther rattles like a crazy man at the shutters
The hours of his anger drive straight upon her heart.

She is very foolish. Can she read the paper?
The only news she looks for is "The Winds at Sea."
How was it today in the Gulf, the Straits, the Passage?
Does a hurricane wait crouching on the course where he will be?

There is no more peace for her—she has given the sea a hostage.
Perhaps she sees a petal on a brooklet in the park
Tossing in jeopardy: she hears without a reason
The horror of a ship's bell clattered in the dark.

She is very foolish. Men there are aplenty
Who carry their umbrellas and like a cosy life.
Why should her heart cry seaward, like a petrel, like a shearwater?
So she never can become a calm, contented wife.

Shepherds, charcoal burners, mountaineers and sailors
All have watched the sun rise on strange sights alone.
She is very foolish if she loves a sailor,
But she says she never meant to; it happened unbeknown.

MARIAN STORM.

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The Fratellini

BEFORE the Fratellini on the program somewhere other clowns appear. But they are all like their leader, and you can see at a glance that he will not be good. You can see by his back, which is dead, without rhythm, without expression. You can see by his walk, which lacks flow and lacks point and exactitude. These clowns have pantomime, motions, falling about, colored balls, and various by-plays of mock sorrow and dismay; but nobody cares much what happens with them. Everyone watches what goes on, wanderingly, with lazy eyes. Other acts go past—conjurers, and a majestic affair of horses, whose trainer looks much too taut and conscientious to be really an artist at his craft. There is polite applause on all sides. The cirque Medrano, as everybody knows, is a round arena; seats rise with the spectators on all sides of the ring, which is on the ground and on which the light floods from above.

The Fratellini come on and the circus whirs with loving hopes of them. People push little boys downward into their places; this is one time when for a moment at least we must be ready not to miss anything. The young lady with the red scarf and enormous earrings and very charming with her glittering sudden smile, sweeps off her hat and rakes her bobbed hair backward as she leans forward. The three Fratellinis come into the ring. They walk all differently but all with life and careless concentration. Their shoulders are intangibly alive, their backs are alive; each is relaxed, quiet, definite, animate, complete, each is a kind of flowing cosmos all to himself; and at the same time the three together are one thing.

One of the Fratellini goes out and leaves the scene to the two left. It is a Cure, a sanitarium perhaps; an enormous battery stands on one side of the ring, near the entrance is a steam bath with a hole in the top for the patient's head to protrude. There is a broom, a thermometer four feet long; nothing else is there but the two doctors and the flood of light from above. The doctors talk, a patient enters, bandaged, with huge flapping feet, on one of which he limps until his memory fails him, when he limps on the other. But he is in great pain. He is introduced to the battery, which the doctor, who knows little about it, administers. Great volts are turned on, the patient cannot let go, and so on. Afterward he is beaten up and snatched about. There are Rabelaisian bits here and there, Rabelaisian but wholly in the open, broad and human and healthy as nursery agencies. Finally the sufferer is induced to take the bath. Flames burst forth, and howls, and a little figure—a son of the Frattellini family—emerges; the patient has shrunk to this. Vast applause. The Fratellini return and bow again, including all the audience and slighting none, though they do not appear to turn or to have us in our surrounding circles on their minds. The applause forces them to take some sort of encore, which they do by playing a guitar and singing a song, at first quite charmingly, and then burlesqued by one of the Fratellini's wind instrument, a small, sliding pipe that follows the music farcically and sounds like a whistle, a trombone and a steam valve. At last they are gone then, and a shining trapeze couple, a Swiss and his muscular lady, are in.

To pretend to discover the Fratellini would be absurd, since they have been the adored favorites of a Paris generation since they were born, what among the three of them, all over the continent, and have played everywhere; since they were decorated last year by the French government. But what remains in the mind and in the spirit from the art of the Fratellini is first of all a beautiful flowing thing; a continuity of rhythm and vitality that creates sheerly through the eyes a separable existence of its own. The source of their art's perfection lies in a purity, a freedom from everything outside itself and its own moment. Life springs in their art from a certain mysterious, careless exactitude. I watch them and derive from their performance something like the ideality of music. I get, from this performance of The Cure impulses, emotions, ideas—whatever one likes to call them—as from music I might get—marching, itself or magnificence or nostalgia. I get pure boasting, willing to give, to experiment, trusting, running away, breaking heads. But the art of this clowning differs from music in that these idealities are not left pure and general and abstract but are brought sharply into collision with downright, everyday facts. These sweeping ideas, these impulses, bump into plain actualities. These clouds of immense ideas become nonsensical by their disconnection from the practical states of things. In this art we have a kind of reversed idealism. We have the defeated, rebounding, incongruous human soul, comical and endearing.

Meanwhile all during the evening, between, and somewhat during, the acts, people walk about the lobbies of the Cirque Medrano, where the bar is, the stalls of the horses, the elephants, and the dressing-rooms of the performers. One buys lumps of sugar to feed to the horses, and stops and talks with the trainers and artists.

The little clown who came on before the Fratellini and was not very good but whose face is young and jolly and gentle, sits cross-legged on a bench with his back against the wall. Someone is always stopping to chat with him, to offer him cigarettes, to invite him to drink a glass of wine. The door to the Fratellini's dressing-room stands wide open, and callers stop to greet them, to speak with them, to pay them compliments. The room is filled with balloons and costumes and mad baskets, and implements; with trumpets, boxes, hats, wigs, dried bladders and mandolins and drums, hanging in the ceiling and on pegs about the walls, where posters of the Fratellini are mounted, and signed photographs of celebrated persons who are their friends and admirers.

Nobody who comes into the Fratellini dressing-room appears to be climbing socially to an acquaintance with them. The three Fratellini themselves take off their make-ups and order their affairs and shake hands and thank you, with no suggestion at all that they are among the celebrities of Europe. Among the three of them they speak French, Italian, English, Russian, a little German, not too good, and some Spanish.

The youngest brother, born in Paris, is anxious to know if Monsieur had seen them in their Russian piece last week?

Alas, I had not.

He was very sorry for that, into this piece they had been able to put a great deal of caricature, and a great deal of movement, Monsieur knew the Russians, how their souls went.

Was Monsieur in Paris long? They were to have something new before long.

Alas, no, I was going on to Florence next day.

To Florence? Paolo, the older Fratellini said, their

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old home. They had a brother there. I must go and see him. He would give me a card right off. He wrote on the back of a wigmaker's card and gave it to me:

Oreste Fratellini, Ville da Mille, 70. Dear Oreste, I send you an American signore, give him a glass of good wine. Affectionately, your Paolo.

The younger brother spreads out the wide trousers of his costume, gay, complex, painted in every color with the phases of the moon, with stars, whiskey bottles, jacks of cards, triangles, cubes and the signs of the zodiac. He hopes I admire it, Paquin made it for him.

STARK YOUNG.

FOUR POEMS

The Dark Chamber

The brain forgets but the blood will remember.
There, when the play of sense is over,
The last, low spark in the darkest chamber
Will hold all there is of love and lover.

The war of words, the life-long quarrel
Of self against self will resolve into nothing;
Less than the chain of berry-red coral
Crying against the dead black of her clothing.

What has the brain that it hopes to last longer?
The blood will take from forgotten violence,
The groping, the break of her voice in anger.
There will be left only color and silence.

These will remain, these will go searching
Your veins for life when the flame of life smoulders:
The night that you two saw the mountains marching
Up against dawn with the stars on their shoulders—

The jetting poplars' arrested fountains
As you drew her under them, easing her pain—
The notes, not the words, of a half-finished sentence—
The music, the silence . . . These will remain.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

California

Spirits, for all they think they can
Survive alone, aloof from man,
Need flesh and blood about their roots.
This land where giant colored fruits
And gorgeous fragrant blooms comprise
A vegetable paradise,
Apparently does not contain
One rich essential nitrogen:
The men who dig this golden loam
Never turn up the smell of home;
Uneasily they sense a dearth
Of dead men, fertile in the earth,
And while their bodies prosper well
Upon such rank material,
Their thin unhappy souls are whirled
Over this blue alarming world;
Unanchored to the ground, they grow
A little frightened, justly so,
And far too social far too soon;
Like men transplanted to the moon
Who skip across the lunar crust
Making friends swiftly, as they must
Who have no relatives at hand
In a bewildering foreign land.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES.

Where No Thief Draweth Near

Gold coins encrusted
With bitter green;
The spiced brown wrappings
Of mummied priests;
Blind steel once trusted
By a smarting queen;
The solemn trappings
Of crusaders' beasts,
The broken cradle
Of a dead child;
A royal charter,
The "rex" scrawled ill;
A silver ladle
That earth defiled;
The shirt of a martyr
Fire could not kill;
These on a shelf of
My lonely mind
Change not nor perish
Always possessed,
Lasting as self-love,
And are more kind
Than you I cherish
Here on my breast.

BABETTE DEUTSCHE.

Lullaby

The world, my little worried soul,
Lies far too heavily tonight.
How is it wise to let it roll
Filling our dreams with fright?

Sleep, my little brooder, sleep.
The month is quarreling with the town.
Tomorrow morning you may sweep
The scraps of thunder down.

Earth is but a foundling too,
That heaven will not stoop to save.
Let no bright riddles trouble you.
The little world is brave;

And knows no more than you do, dear,
Which star went wandering one night
And found another planet near,
As lonely and as light.

The world has been a child astray
Much longer fatherless than you.
Cover your little wings away:
There's nothing else to do.
There's nothing else to do.

GEORGE O'NEIL.

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CORRESPONDENCE

In Defense of Fall River

SIR: While those acquainted with the cotton textile industry will clearly recognize that your recent article entitled Fall River: A Dying Industry, largely answers itself, we feel so great an injustice has been done Fall River that we may properly ask you to give space to a statement. While the article contains some facts that may be admitted, it is filled with half truths and errors based upon unauthentic sources of information. They are surprising in view of the length of time the writer is reported to have spent in Fall River. The very title is misleading. Fall River is only a part of the cotton textile industry. The industry is not dying. It will not die as long as cotton is raised. The uses of cotton are almost as varied as those of petroleum. Every cotton textile community is suffering from a temporary slowdown due to a shortage in the cotton crop and consequent high prices and reduced demand for cotton textiles. World markets are shattered. The great war has left destruction and want in its train. The buying power of Europe has ceased. The American farmer with production speeded up to war-time efficiency finds little demand from his former customers across the sea. Every one knows this to be a fact and American politics has played a large rôle in the failure of Europe to "come back."

The agricultural sections of our country, the largest buyers of cotton goods are not buying because they cannot sell. When these conditions have been righted cotton goods will again sell and Fall River will get its share of the sales.

May we take in order some of the misstatements regarding Fall River:

To begin with, the total number of textile workers is about 36,000, therefore there could not be 70,000 unemployed, as stated in your article.

Your writer suggests that the workers have been cowed for the last twenty years. The fact is that for twenty years the workers have been able through the establishment of the habit of negotiation with the management to improve wages and working conditions to the satisfaction of all, and the city has been free from the disturbing conditions which have prevailed from time to time in other troubled centres.

Your writer states that the business of the merchants is at a comparative standstill and that they are so burdened with unpaid accounts that credit is being suspended. This does not fit with statements made by the Fall River Credit Rating Association to the undersigned. Collections are not looked upon by the merchants as being particularly bad. Resources are being conserved and buying is more restricted.

By way of illustrating what is actually happening, one may refer to data gathered from two savings banks. One of these, an important one, has opened more than 2,800 new accounts in the course of the last year, or an average of 250 a month. This average has held up through the last three months. The number of deposits in the course of the year was in excess of any previous year. An analysis was made for the undersigned by another savings bank, also an important one, of the occupations of the depositors on the last Saturday in May. It showed that of the 190 depositors on that day, more than 100 were mill operatives. They deposited more than one-half of the total received. The number of deposits in this bank in the course of the last six months was 13,338,while the number of withdrawals was 8,200.

While it is true, as your article states, that in a few cases relatives of important stockholders are associated with mills in executive positions, it so happens that in the main, these mills are among the most successful in Fall River. Furthermore, the executive forces in the mills are constantly being recruited through the textile schools and the workers. There are many mill executives who once worked at the machines. The generalizations regarding "worn out machinery" are entirely unwarranted. The mill executives take great pains to have their machinery in condition to perform service. They must, for they are in a highly competitive market. There are machines in some mills dating back thirty-five years (not fifty), but they are of types that have required little change and all operating parts have been renewed as occasion required and automatic devices have been added.

The "pale and ragged children. . . toddling listlessly about the tenement districts" is a draft upon the imagination difficult to accept in view of the facts. The writer should have visited the numerous playgrounds. Fall River's "hopelessness" exhausts the total supply of imagination and leaves one high and dry. The "picking up" of unemployed girls on streets—"girls who will sell their souls and bodies for a square meal" to which the writer refers as an indication of the deterioration of Fall River is a statement which does not compliment him as a social investigator. Both the workers employed by the Deaconess' Board and the W. C. T. U., and the police women, say that there has been no advance in this type of unsocial life. The Juvenile Court reports for the current year the lowest percentage of juvenile delinquency in the course of the last fifteen years. In April there were only four cases. This is the lowest percentage of any city in the country.

As for the "hopelessness" which is stated to pervade Fall River, it may be pointed out that Fall River was one of the cities which made of Music Week in May a notable occasion of its history. Fall River ranks well up in the list of cities which conducted Music Week activities. The public in every part of the city shared in the programs. The Rotary Boys' Week parade in May brought out more than 7,000 boys between the ages of eight and fourteen years, from schools in every part of the city and representing every class. They "toddled listlessly" behind ten bands for upwards of two miles, twelve schools having one hundred percent of their enrollment in line. Then they indulged for an hour in athletic sports for which cups and badges were awarded. The spirit pervading our North Park was far from "hopeless." Listen to the "gloom that hangs like a pall over the city." Why did the writer not look for the other side?

"In the past," your writer says, "the mill owners of Fall River have closed their doors to skilled labor." This is wholly untrue. The reputation of northern-made cotton textiles among buyers is the highest. Fall River goods are no exception. The article continues: "Ford, and many others that could be named, were deliberately kept out." Again a statement without a basis of fact. The undersigned, together with his predecessor has endeavored to bring industries to Fall River. I have never encountered any opposition to the establishing of a legitimate industry. The Ford illustration is rather amusing for there is hardly a community in the country which has not tried to have Henry Ford locate a branch within its borders. I have made efforts in behalf of two communities myself, one of them being Fall River. Understanding that Mr. Ford was contemplating the erection of a cotton mill, a letter was addressed to his company in July, 1923. It received a response which contained the following paragraph:

> "This is a proposition that has been given some consideration by us, but at the present time no active plans are under way and we doubt if anything of this sort will be done in the near future."

Rumors that local manufacturers had been active in preventing location of a plant by Mr. Ford have been current in about sixty American cities. It is believed that these reports are a form of propaganda distributed by subterranean interests seeking to injure the manufacturers of a given community. Such rumors have been raised in Fall River. Their truth should have been investigated before they were given currency.

Fall River is so "decadent" that its fuel oil industry, the largest in New England, has placed the port among the twenty leading ports of the United States in foreign trade. It ranks third on the Atlantic coast in tonnage through the Panama Canal. It is so "decadent" that the first unit is being erected of a super-power electric plant, ultimately to have a capacity of 275,000 horsepower, costing upwards of $12,000,000.

To quote the writer: "The facts and figures are available. They can be had for a little time and work, and there is no closing one's eyes to them if one is sincere."

No, we do not think of Fall River as a dying city, nor its industry as a dying industry. The South is suffering along with the North and the remainder of the cotton textile producing cities of the world.

H. F. SHERWOOD,
Manager Chamber of Commerce.

Fall River, Mass.

SIR: There is little that needs to be said in reply to Mr. Sherwood's letter. In the article to which he refers I believe I stated that many persons in Fall River deny even to themselves that the conditions I described do exist among the workers and in the cotton industry. I would be interested to know, however,

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why it was that the Fall River Chamber of Commerce declined to put forth the statements he makes before the article was written, and when I was seeking the true facts. He, or his organization, had the opportunity to do so, but at that time theirs was a "Hush, hush," policy.

As regards his reference to the lack of a market for cotton cloth in the country at the present time, I cannot believe that Mr. Sherwood is ignorant of the answer to that situation. The public is buying cotton cloth at the lowest price obtainable, and Southern and English cotton goods are cheaper. Even the print works in Fall River found it cheaper to buy cotton cloth in the South, ship it north and pay shipping charges than it was to manufacture their own cloth in their seven cotton mills. That is something of an argument for the protective tariff, I believe, but in this instance it is true.

In reply to his statement that business is good with the Fall River merchants, I say that I did not find it so, and I would suggest that he interview the installment houses and small merchants who may not be members of the Chamber of Commerce.

That his figures on the savings banks have me stumped I admit freely, without for a moment questioning their accuracy. But I confess that it is hard for me to understand how the mill workers when out of employment can save more money than when they are working. No, I simply cannot attempt a reply to that one. It went away over my head.

Mr. Sherwood's denial that the city is now and has in the past been closed to industries employing skilled and high-priced labor is too silly to notice. Even in Fall River, where (apparently) they don't know that they are having hard times they know that. Let Mr. Sherwood look around real hard and interview some of the lawyers and members of the city government on the subject, and then, if he honestly doubts what I know he must know, I'll furnish him with names and dates of more than one case, though I believe I mentioned two such in the article that has wounded him so. And it wasn't a Ford *cotton* mill that I mentioned.

Frankly, his marching clubs and the Rotary Boys, etc., don't thrill me one little bit. I don't think I claimed that *everybody* in Fall River totters to and from his home. If the amount that was spent for the ten bands had been spent for food and distributed in the tenements of the Granite Mills section it would kindle a whole lot more enthusiasm in me. Music Week was just as hungry as any other for thousands who want to work instead of march.

On the subject of nepotism in the mills I quoted Monsignor Cassidy. I don't think Mr. Sherwood wrote to the newspapers about his statements. As regards the worn out machinery I refer him to the testimony in the case of the Luther Mills vs. the City, where experts testified that the Fall River cotton machinery is ancient and that the mill executives have shown no desire to keep up with the times in the matter of machinery. But then, you see, the mills were seeking a tax abatement from the city, and they themselves were claiming that their machinery was worn out and old, and they won their case. There are many other cases of the same nature still pending, as Mr. Sherwood well knows.

As far as the writer is concerned, Mr. Sherwood's effort to be cheerful is just about as convincing in this case as was the address of a professional optimist, one Mr. Newcombe, who spoke before one of the optimistic organizations of Fall River while I was investigating conditions there. Mr. Newcombe told them that they would be all right if they would only think so hard enough.

I compliment Mr. Sherwood on his valiant effort to follow Mr. Newcombe's advice.

WILLIAM ROBINSON.

Edgewood, R. I.

The Quakers and War

SIR: A letter in The New Republic of June 26, 1924, by Edward Thomas on The Quakers and War contains the following statement: "The strength of the Quaker position lies in their half formulated but widely practiced adventurous belief in the brotherhood of man. The power gained by living in this belief showed itself during the Great War when so many of those (outside of administrative positions) engaged in social service work *refused to have* any part in the war."

In making this assertion Mr. Thomas leaves out one very important point, namely, were the Quakers who refused to have any part in the war of draft age? If so what action did the government take against them and with what result?

I have always understood that there was not a single conscientious objector of Quaker faith, within the draft age, who was in jail in the United States for having refused to accept *all forms of alternate* service such as Red Cross, ambulance or farm work—this assistance being of invaluable help to the government in its prosecution of the war.

If I am mistaken in the above assertion I would be glad to be corrected by Mr. Thomas, and to have the names of any Quakers of draft age who took the absolutist's stand. I was intimately associated in the work for the release of those confined for opinions' sake during the war and as far as I know the records fail to show the names of any Quaker who "refused to have any part in the war" and who remained firm to the bitter end.

REBECCA WINSOR EVANS.

Ardmore, Pa.

Those Who Leave the Farm

SIR: Although I am a farmer, it is in no class spirit that I criticize, as an example of cockney thinking, the following from your recent issue:

"Naturally, it is the best stock that leaves the farm; if the process continues long the remaining farm stock will consist largely of culls."

I think I may safely say that an acquaintance with farm conditions shows that it is not the best stock that leaves the farm; and a knowledge of marginal economics would make it clear that such "naturally" would not be the case. Naturally, the farms that are abandoned are the marginal and sub-marginal ones. Is it on these that the best stock is to be looked for? Not unless one accepts the dictum of Thoreau that the only good farmer is a poor farmer. Most people like to eat too well to hold any such opinion; and it is my observation that the efficient farmer, who is naturally to be found on a good farm and stays there, averages in human quality at least the equal of the inefficient farmer, who now finds himself under the necessity of seeking work in town.

There is in the country a quite common type known as the fellow who can't work for himself. He is not merely a bad manager: when working on his own place he simply cannot get up steam, indeed can't get up himself until a derisory hour. Yet hire him or "change off" with him and he digs in and does as well as anybody. This type naturally gravitates toward the city job, with its fixed hours and allotted task to be done under the eyes of a foreman. For such work this class of labor is probably quite satisfactory, but there are few who would call it the "best stock."

It is of course true that the incidence of the city-ward migration falls mainly among the young, but to suppose that the percentage of culls among the rising generation is notably smaller than among the old is to take far too hopeful a view of the evolutionary process.

FRANK H. FOOTE.

East Jordan, Mich.

The Middle-Aged Woman

SIR: It was with interest I read of the jobless woman in the issue of May 28. "Poor dear Marian," I may not be one of "the abler women," but I am able to see that the trouble with Marian is that she is sorry for herself. Let her try being sorry for some one else, and she will find neither time nor inclination for repinings. I too am forty-nine, I too had college training, raised my family of five on small means during the earlier years, and now I am looking forward to ten, perhaps twenty years of joyous service.

My life is full of interests, all the things that have to do with the health and happiness of our young people interest me. Our playgrounds, our milk supply, the health of our school children, what kind of teachers we employ, surely these things must interest mothers whether young or old. Human sympathy will never be out of date, and whether Marian lives in a city apartment or in a cottage in the village there are other lonely souls near at hand to cheer and comfort. The greatest compliment I ever had was when my grown-up son said to me, "Why, mother, I'll be an old man long before you're an old lady."

ANOTHER FORTY-NINER.

Oshkosh, Wis.

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The Protestant Barres

Strait Is the Gate, by André Gide. Translated from the French by Madame Simon Bussy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHEN André Gide's first book, Les Cahiers d'André Walter, appeared anonymously in 1891, the initiated, who knew who the author was, nicknamed him "the Protestant Barrès." No more remarkable first book has come out of France in this generation except that of Maurice Barrès, Sous l'Œil des Barbares, which had preceded Gide by three years. Hence the analogy suggested between these two writers, the antithesis of each other, each of whom was to become a leader of the younger generation, according to the taste and temperament of their disciples.

Having rapidly transformed himself from the interesting and stimulating individualist of those early novels of Le Culte du Moi, into a hundred percent Nationalist patriot, a French Babbitt, so to speak, Maurice Barrès very naturally loomed more prominently in the public eye and in the public prints than André Gide. To his literary influence, based upon a style which survived even the cheapest claptrap of his later years, he added the mob-prestige of the chauvinist politician. Unlike Barrès, Gide was one of the first to propose an intelligent intellectual understanding with Germany. But here again he was unlike Barrès, for he made no effort to reach the masses. He might have shared the humanitarian limelight with Romain Rolland, or the radical amplifier of Barbusse. Characteristically, he appealed only to the few.

The inconsequential fame of politicians is such, that Barrès is at least a name, I imagine, to many people in this country who have never heard of Gide. So far as translation is concerned, neither author has hitherto been adequately represented. Lady Rothermere translated Gide's Prometheus Ill-bound a few years ago, and Colette Baudoche brought Barrès into English on the wave of war-time sentiment, but, to all intents and purposes, the two literary leaders of contemporary France exist only for those who read them in the original. There has been no perceptible excitement since André Gide's Porte Etroite appeared, in the excellent translation of Mrs. Dorothy Bussy, as Strait is the Gate. The translation has been made under the author's supervision, for he knows English well, and has translated Conrad, Blake, and Tagore. It so adequately reflects the sober charm of the French that it will be unnecessary to cite it as an excuse for whatever neglect may be the fate of Gide in America.

In 1909, when La Porte Etroite had just been published, Edmund Gosse thought that Gide was "the most interesting man of letters under the age of fifty," and said that "his mind is more closely attuned to English ideas, or what once were English ideas, than that of any other living writer of France." From which he assumed that the writings of André Gide should have a special interest for English-speaking readers. Whether that assumption is sound, this translation of "one of the most beautiful works which have been printed in English for a long time"—to quote Mr. Gosse—will prove. The great Protestant names in French literary history are, for the most part, Swiss, and in modern French literature there are only two Protestant writers of note, Pierre Loti and André Gide. In the former there is no trace of his religious origins, which were never, I suspect, very deep, but in Gide's Protestantism is a vital part of his work. As Mr. Gosse says, it enables us "to discover what the importance of a Huguenot training can be in the development of a mind which has wholly delivered itself from the Huguenot bondage."

The immense and elusive variety of his work makes classification difficult: the early sentimental and æsthetic meditations, Les Cahiers d'André Walter and Les Nourritures Terrestres; their sequels, in a sense, Prétextes and Nouveaux Prétextes, two most original volumes of literary criticism, to which may be added his recent monograph on Dostoievsky and the brochures on Wilde and Charles Louis Philippe; the plays, le Roi Candaule and Saül; the philosophic dialogues and stories, belonging to his Symbolist period, or written in that mood, Le Voyage d'Urien and the six "treatises" now collected in Le Retour de l'Enfant Prodigue; finally, miscellaneous volumes of travel sketches and impressions of the assize courts. From this variegated background his novels stand out, but he refuses to call them by that name. Those which best correspond to the ordinary meaning of the term are the four "récits": L'Immoraliste, La Porte Etroite, Isabelle and La Symphonie Pastorale; then come the three "soties": Paludes, Le Prométhée Mal Enchaîné and Les Caves du Vatican; upon these the claims of André Gide must finally rest.

With the exception of Paludes, a truly delightful satire on the introspective intellectual, which has a peculiar aptness today, although written in 1895, the group of fantasias which Gide has classified with the mediæval farces of his own country, are not so perfect achievements as the four "narratives," to which he refuses the title of novels. Les Caves du Vatican, which appeared just on the eve of the Great War, is a curious compound of detective fiction, social satire, fantastic comedy and picaresque adventure. It has had a vogue with readers who seem utterly indifferent to the author's earlier and more characteristic work. Had La Symphonie Pastorale not come later to show Gide once more in his true vein, as the analyst of the Protestant soul, one might have concluded that he had set out, in his maturity, to follow a course which had tempted him in his youth. As it is, this strange, turbulent book, full of the disorder of an era on the point of closing, stands out as an exceptional work, another example of Gide's astonishing versatility. That versatility had a surprise in store for us in Isabelle, also, the story immediately preceding Les Caves du Vatican. It is a tale, in the manner of Barbey d'Aurevilly, of the mystery lurking in an old château where a young student comes to consult certain old manuscripts, and stumbles upon a passionate drama, involving the ruin of a noble family.

By common consent, L'Immoraliste and La Porte Etroite are Gide's masterpieces. Here he has studied those cases of conscience which are peculiarly the product of Protestant morality, the psychology of those who are bound and shackled by that very freedom of religious thought which once seemed to be the very essence of all liberty. The emancipated Huguenot in Gide is attracted by those problems which postulate for their statement and solution experiences such as he himself must have known. His Immoralist, for example, is the paragon of God-fearing virtue, who has turned away from life and love to find a substitute for living in books and ideas. His virtues are all negative, and thus he passes for an exemplary character. He becomes immoral when, as a result of a serious illness, he creeps back from the edge of death

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with the realization that his ideals are false. Henceforth he will seek life in all its most vital and energetic manifestations, spontaneity and vigor are now more to him than the cautious qualities which he had once so sadly overestimated. He divests himself of everything that constituted his former self. His wife's illness and death leave him unmoved, pity is gone out of him, and his craving for the strong and full-blooded sends him off in search of adventures among thieves and poachers and drunkards. All his inhibitions are released, all his values are transvalued, and he is carried away on the dark stream of primitive life.

Strait is the Gate is another study of asceticism, "a searching analysis," as Mr. Gosse calls it, "of the incompleteness and narrowness of the moral psychology of Protestantism." Alissa Bucolin, the child of a Creole mother and a respectable Huguenot banker in Havre, is possessed by that dual heritage and finally destroyed by it. Her inverted romanticism, like her neurotic beauty, may be traced to that languorous, exotic figure, so ill-adapted to the staid Protestant society of the provinces, whose lovers and nervous crises leave their indelible impressions upon the minds of the grave young Huguenot children whose story is told. These are Alissa, her younger sister and brother, Juliette and Robert, and Jérôme, her cousin, whom she is to marry, according to the family understanding. A childish adventure of Jérôme's with his amorous Aunt Bucolin, and one day the revelation to Alissa of her mother's far from spiritual loves, drive deep into these little puritan souls the conviction of sin and shame. At church the preacher's fulminations against those who seek the broad path leading to destruction are recognized as references to the wickedness of the wild creature from Martinique, who has run away with one of her lovers, and Jerôme and Alissa decide that the strait gate and the narrow way shall be their goal.

Alissa's love for Jérôme is to her mind the chief obstacle to salvation, and it is in a sort of ascetic ecstasy that she sets out to kill this emotion, so contaminated, as she has seen, by things of the earth earthy. Juliette also loves Jérôme, and Alissa tries at first to profit by this opportunity to sacrifice herself in favor of her sister. But Juliette defeats her by marrying an elderly wine-grower, whom she does not love particularly, but with whom she leads an active and happy domestic life. To Alissa this is further proof of the treacherous insignificance of human passion, and renunciation becomes more and more the ideal. Jérôme, meanwhile, has gone off to study in Paris, he has done his military service and has travelled. Life has opened out before him and he has gradually freed himself from the dogmas and superstitions of his youth; his faith, never so profound as Alissa's, cannot live without hers, and she denies him that support with truly pious severity; he must seek his own salvation. But his love for Alissa survives every change; he returns home determined to have their betrothal announced. Alissa repulses him for the last time, and, when she goes into decline and dies, he learns from her diary how she wrestled against what an Irish bishop once called "the degrading passion of love," and died without surrender or victory.

André Gide has written nothing so harmonious and so finished as this variation upon one of the great themes of tragedy, renunciation in pursuit of perfection. He is in the great tradition of Pascal and Corneille when he here combines a spiritual purity of classic style with the heroic tension of a mystic soul's torturing quest and the tortuous self-questionings of exalted piety. Alissa Bucolin is the portrait of a Protestant saint, drawn with a sympathy and insight as profound as the author's disapproval of the aberration he has studied. This holiness is truly Protestant in its bleak, self-sufficient humility, its self-reliant dependence upon personal conviction and conscience. It is analyzed with a truly Huguenot simplicity, which Edmund Gosse contrasts with "a consecrated Huysmans vapouring about the ecstasies of St. Lydwine of Schiedam." Alissa's diary has already supplied pages which have an honorable place in anthologies of the best modern French prose.

Strait is the Gate is deservedly the book which made André Gide famous; it is one of the great classics of French fiction since the death of Flaubert. It is not only a study of puritanism, in the authentic lineage of Gosse's Father and Son, it is a fine picture of an unfamiliar corner of French provincial life, full of remarkable character-drawing and lively incidents and observations. As the author of that widely different but kindred work has said of Gide: "there is something northern about his genius, which loves to cultivate caprices and the twilight hours. . . He is allied with such tender individualists of the close of the nineteenth century as Shorthouse and Pater." His influence in France today is such that he may well mark the transition to a new orientation of the French mind.

ERNEST BOYD.

Russia's Revolution

The First Time in History, by Anna Louise Strong. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.00.

FIRST and last we have heard a good deal about Russia and her revolution. They have been served up, in report and interview, in lecture and book, in all sorts of ways and by all sorts of persons—emigrés and emissaries; self-constituted investigators, with their "authoritative accounts," and favored travelers, with their "intimate views;" economic "defenders of the faith" (laus Deo!) and economic heretics (anathema sint!)—men of big business, and men of small politics; everyone has had his chance at Russia. We have had the "truth about Russia," the "facts about Russia," the "real Russia," "Russia as it is"—what more do we want or need? Why another book on Russia, and what justification, beyond the "inner urge," has anyone for writing another?

Well, that depends pretty much upon the book and who writes it. The author of The First Time in History can establish her title to write and her claim to a reading on many grounds—residence in Russia of more than two years; journeys into various parts of the country; relief work and nursing during famine and plague; contacts and conversations with all sorts and conditions of people, high and low, peasants, workmen, soldiers, officials, priests, teachers; first-hand knowledge of many things of which she herself was an active part.

But it is not these experiences which, after all, constitute her chief qualification for writing upon Russia. For, interesting as they are, and vividly narrated, they are, nevertheless, not unique. Others too have been in Russia, have seen much and have told much. Dr. Strong's story is indeed informing, and fills in at many points our all

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too meagre and desultory knowledge of Russia. But it is not in new facts and figures that its carrying power lies; but rather in what it adds, not so much to information, as to understanding; not so much in what the author has seen, as in what she has sensed. She does not pretend to have taken the full measure of the revolution, but with fine intuition she has divined the criterion for its final appraisal, the criterion, not of the actual and momentary, but of the potential and ultimate. She sees the revolution, not as a catastrophic event, but as a dynamic process. And viewing it thus she sees in it, "a lot of mess" and "plenty of things to shock," "rotten inefficiency . . . offices tangled in red tape, crudities of every kind . . . profiteers and gambling dens and bootleg whiskey and every rotten thing there is anywhere in the world;" but, beneath this scum, something deep and vast and instinct with creative power, "the Common Consciousness in action, crude, half-organized and inefficient, but the first time in history." Not that there have not been revolutions before, or dramatic exhibitions of national unity under the stress of war; but here in Russia for the first time Dr. Strong sees the governing power of a nation controlling its resources and organizing its forces and energies for the common welfare, infusing a new spirit into the common effort and setting a new objective for the common aim. "It is a purpose as terrific as battle, demanding the same disciplined yet reckless valor. They cannot wait, for Russia cannot wait. They intend to hurry history." Like Paracelsus, they

> would have had one day, one moment's space
> change man's condition.

Which suggests an affinity to the French revolution, with its ecstasy and its noble rage, its sublime self-confidence, its contempt of time; and sets one to musing and to wondering whether after all revolutions are so different, and whether this latter will go the way of the former, and how long the auroral splendor will linger in the Russian sky, and what will come after. What will come after is on the knees of the gods, and Dr. Strong wisely refrains from prophecy. That the way will be long and arduous she does not doubt. But she has confidence in Russia, a confidence based not upon achieved success, but upon the will to succeed; in Russia alone she finds hope and a plan and the resolute forward-facing of the mind; Russia has broken with the past and stakes her fortune on the future. Herein lies the tremendous significance of Russia's revolution: it looks to the future. It is this that makes it pregnant with incalculable consequences, not only for Russia, but for the world.

THEODORE COLLIER.

The Best Kept Secret

The Mystery of Religion. A Study in Social Psychology, by Everett Dean Martin. New York: Harper Brothers. $3.00.

THE best kept secrets are the secrets everyone knows and no one mentions. They are the secrets of the sentiments and impulses that we all feel and yet suppress, for the most part, out of a deep sense of shame. The key to the secrecy is the suppression, and the key to the suppression is the sense of shame.

The mysteries of religion are among the best kept secrets of the world, shared by all, understood in a sense by all, yet from generation to generation kept perpetually just below the threshold of full recognition and avowal. One of the universal signs of genuine religious feeling is the sense of inexplicable shame which chokes it back. All feel it. Many are seriously disturbed by it. None overcome it altogether. It leaves its invariable mark of spiritual self-consciousness upon the religious leaders and it frequently provides young people, adolescents, with the major emotional struggle of a life time.

This should furnish a clue to its inner nature. Adolescence is a period of organic maturing, in consequence of which it is most usually defined in terms of organic self-consciousness: the awkward age. But that acute awkwardness to which the rest of life affords no duplicate has deeper causes. From the point of view of behavior adolescence is the period, long or short as circumstances rule, in which one is prompted both to behave like a child and to behave like an adult. Some people and situations cast one for the former, some for the latter rôle. One has a beau; but one still has a mother. A confusing predicament, certainly, from which only time and the indifferent march of events effectively extricate one. The reorganization of interests and affections about new centres which thus somehow transpires has lately come to be called a transfer of fixation. That is a suggestive phrase. But it somehow fails to convey just the image in which to visualize the adolescent's struggle with religion. Rather it is an eduction: one is led out of childhood, eagerly as the zest for responsibility and independent action grows, but at the same time reluctantly as one realizes in moments of intolerable punishment that the sweet relief of tears and the perfect reassurance of parental protection is being left irrevocably behind.

It is very significant that this is quite generally a period of religious quickening. The secret of religion, says the social psychologist, is that it is a retreat from the harsh realities of adult life to a security and a lifting of burdens quite analogous to that of childhood. And the shame that makes men suppress it or conceal it or avow it with exaggerated temerity arises from a peculiar sense of its impropriety for adults. Not, of course, that church-going is improper, or any of the familiar decorums of established ecclesiastical ceremony. They are the last word in conformity. But they are as remote as can be from the burning emotions of spontaneous and overwhelming religious quickening. The most devout and regular believers prefer quite uniformly to take belief for granted. Fundamentalism is as cold as a fashionable vestryman. And the heat that modernism generates is a by-product of argument rather than the natural warmth of inner fires. Pentacost is a rare phenomenon, and those who would produce it artificially find it necessary to create a cunningly fabricated setting in which to break down prosaic inhibitions.

Though religion has many meanings and the churches many functions, Everett Dean Martin is undoubtedly correct in maintaining that the central meaning is this mysterious emotional self-abandonment that is guarded by inhibitions and concealed even in ecclesiastical literature and ritual by an almost impenetrable symbolism. The essence of the miraculous, as Mr. Martin exhibits with extraordinary penetration, is not the sudden hiatus in an otherwise rigorously commonplace series of events; on the con-

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trary it is a loosening of reality all along the line, a softening of the sharp outlines of actuality to the point at which things flow together to the consummation of the heart's desire of the world-weary devotee.

This is borne out perfectly by the sacraments, as Mr. Martin would certainly have noted had he not confined himself explicitly to the detail of the Protestant faiths. The miracle of transubstantiation is not, after all, the incongruous insinuation of the Godhead into the tawdry paraphernalia of the all too human church; such a miracle would be pointless. Rather, the church and all the faithful are lifted by High Mass out of clamorous reality to a region in which the body of the Lord, broken in vicarious atonement for repentant sinners, is more real than the whole planet on which men creatures struggle for a precarious livelihood.

There is something pathetically futile in the efforts of the modern intellectual to suggest geological or chemical ways and means of the miraculous. Not long ago a well known theological journal published an analysis of the immaculate conception as a case of parthenogenesis in which the Holy Spirit is represented as the activating agent of auto-fertilization—which is pure rot. But the miracle is not. The miracle is the conception of a motherhood so wholly focussed upon the mother-son relationship that the very notion of a father is quite irrelevant. Literal interpretation destroys the mystery, the essentially spiritual mystery, which the miracle seeks to symbolize. The secret of the power over the hearts of men of the conception of the Holy Mother is the secret of the mother craving that lies deeper in the human breast than even the symbols of religion. It is perhaps the primary secret of religion, a psychological rather than an organic mystery.

The psychology which has received the credit for penetrating this type of mystery is that of Freud. In the nature of the case, therefore, its contribution to the understanding of religion must be large, perhaps uniquely large. Freud and his colleagues and rivals have recognized this explicitly and have themselves published many studies of the psycho-analytic significance of various religious phenomena. None, however, is as extensive nor as satisfactory as Martin's essay, partly because Mr. Martin writes not of totem or tabu but of the central experiences of religion as they are known among all sects, and partly because of the disarming simplicity and candor of Mr. Martin's style. It requires some temerity to announce the Oedipus complex as the root of all religion. Mr. Martin does it quite inoffensively, perhaps because he is a student of social psychology and not of mental diseases.

The literature of psycho-analysis exhibits one grave defect from which this book is not exempt. People commonly refer to it as the exaggeration or overemphasis of sex. But it is not simply a matter of emphasis. I had rather call it a disturbance of focus, a convergence of all the mysteries of sex upon one complex. Thus the Freudian psychology has made the Oedipus complex the central mystery of human life. As a diagnosis it has become stereotyped. And the same crystallizing process has overtaken the symbolism of the imagery by use of which we compensate for our inhibitions with the dreams of day and night. Having perceived, by a brilliant flash of creative imagination, that the absurdities of our unguarded wanderings are symbolic, the psycho-analysts seem suddenly to have run out of imaginative power and so to have been constrained to force all the whimsicalities of dreamland into the set categories of an established and absolute symbolism.

The net effect is that both civilization and individual life are focussed upon the mother-son relation. The reason for this is partly the undoubted pervasiveness of sex and the uncanny historic continuity of myth and ritual. It is also, probably, the fascination of the bilateral character of the Oedipus complex. Sex has its sacred and its profane sides. The mother-son relation is, in common esteem, the perfection of pure love. Yet in so far as it preoccupies either party to it there ensues a certain conflict between that sentimental interest and the violent mutual appropriations of sex attachment. This conflict is probably the key to a great many neuroses. It has proved enormously effective in diagnosis. Therefore it has extended its meaning until the mother-son relation itself has come to be credited with all the pandemonium of emotions and impulses which conflict produces in the breast of the neurotic.

My point here is not to deny the importance of the Oedipus complex but to defend its purity. It is present, perhaps, in all complicated emotional situations. Wherever mystery appears and the occult flourishes it plays an invariable part in symbol and ceremony. But it is not, therefore, perverse nor gross nor necessarily sexual in the profane sense. It is, indeed, the purest, the most innocently infantile of all unconscious motives, while infancy itself is certainly much simpler and more ingenuous than the Freudians, in the zeal for absolute unity, allow.

Mr. Martin has certainly not seen this very clearly. His disposition has been to take the Freudians at their own valuation. Accordingly he has allowed them to dictate to him symbolic meanings for religious ecstasy that will exceed the tolerance of many readers. But Mr. Martin has approached the mystery of religion from the side of its social significance. Therefore when he has identified it as an emotional reversion to the infantile surrender to mother love and parental forgiveness and protection, he is interested in this state as a mystic's escape from social reality rather than as a neurotic's substitute for sex. He can criticize the religious experience in terms of social utility. And yet he can avoid both the unconscious obscurantism of the priest and the false perspective of the psychiatrist. This alone is an achievement.

C. E. Ayres.

A French View of Jane Austen

Jane Austen. A French Appreciation by Léonie Villard, translated by Veronica Lucas with a New Study of Jane Austen by R. Brimley Johnson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $4.25.

IT is a half century since Matthew Arnold in his essay on Edmond Scherer's Milton remarked that the chief value of foreign criticism on native writers was in its fresh point of view and its disinterestedness. He went on with the warning: "A critic must have the requisite knowledge of the man and the works he is to judge; and from a foreigner—particularly perhaps from a Frenchman—one hardly expects such knowledge." Today this arrogance or humility seems merely funny in the light of such scholarly work as that of M. Feuillerat on the Elizabethan period and M. Beljame on the early eighteenth century; M. Saurat on Milton and M. Legouis

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on Wordsworth. Nevertheless, it is true that the unique value of French criticism on English literature is in the freshness, vividness and frankness which are the result of the foreign point of view and freedom from prejudice or preconception. We have had a noteworthy instance of this in the recent Life of Shelley by M. Maurois. Jane Austen is less in need of a Gallic champion than Shelley, yet the comment of a French woman on this most English of Englishwomen cannot fail to be as Mr. Johnson says, intriguing; and it will have an importance for the reason which he gives: "The essential value and importance of Mlle. Villard's intriguing study of Jane Austen is derived from the manner and the point of view with which a distinguished French critic approaches so characteristically English a writer of genius."

Mlle. Villard presented her study, Jane Austen, sa vie et son œuvre, as a thesis for the degree of doctor of letters in 1915. She, like the eminent critics noted above, puts to the blush Arnold's fear that she will not know enough of her subject. It is true she pays little attention to Jane Austen's early work of practice and satire, but Love and Freindship and its companion skits had not then seen the light. Mr. Johnson supplies the omission by his introductory study of Jane Austen, interpreted through Love and Freindship,—which, except on the title page, he calls Love and Friendship. He has suppressed the biographical portion of Mlle Villard's book, "confident that these chapters have little or no value for English readers."

Quite to the contrary, Mlle. Villard's attitude toward her subject, which makes her critique, in Mr. Johnson's phrase, intriguing, must appear chiefly in the biography. When, moreover, Mr. Johnson adds that Mr. William Austen-Leigh, one of the numerous collateral relatives who have taken to themselves the fame of their aunt or cousin, "was gravely dissatisfied with several misjudgments in the Life," we begin to suspect that he has forgotten the true reason for bringing Mlle. Villard's appreciation to the attention of English readers. This suspicion is strengthened by his further statement that "the erroneous charge of 'indifference' to Religion has been omitted from this translation as being too dogmatically, and sweepingly expressed." Well, what of it? Mlle. Villard's comment on Miss Austen's Laodiceanism, bringing out the difference between two ladies, one Anglican and the other Gallican, neither of whose immortal souls seems to be hanging in the balance, would be most entertaining and enlightening —perhaps as much so as the counterblast issued by Mary Austen-Leigh when Mlle. Villard's thesis appeared in 1915. Miss Austen-Leigh approved the work as cementing the alliance between England and France: "When a strong desire is felt that the bonds between our nearest ally and ourselves should be drawn closer, those formed by a mutual study of each other's literature can hardly be neglected;" but even in this solemn moment she could not fail to enter a protest against "the estimate put forth in La Vie as being utterly unworthy of her [Jane Austen] and entirely misleading in respect of a vital part of her nature."

The truth is the Austen-Leighs have formed a family alliance in defence of their kinswoman's fame, as close as that by which the Wordsworth family for two generations preserved the laureate's virtue. To them their kinswoman's religious character is as precious as her chastity. Any misreading of the record, except as it conduces to the aggrandizement of her conventional worth, is an atrocity. And Mr. Johnson aids and abets them in this attitude. To him, as to the Austen-Leighs, Jane Austen is a sacrosanct personage before whom criticism must adopt its most solemn and authoritarian attitude. He takes it as a considerable appropriation to his own good parts that "Mlle. Villard, indeed, supports in almost every particular the interpretation which I have endeavored to establish above of Jane Austen's genius." In one particular at least Mlle. Villard contradicts him flatly. Mr. Johnson is chiefly concerned to show that Miss Austen's novels grew out of those which preceded her, by a process of replacement, not entirely complete, of fictional values by those of the life which she knew, to which Mlle. Villard declares curtly and of course too sweepingly: "She borrowed nothing from those authors, forgotten today, of many ephemeral romances which wiled away leisure hours at Steventon."

Mlle. Villard's book in its translation scarcely supports the high standard which the French doctoral thesis has achieved. The architectural form and style in detail of such a work is usually a matter of punctilious care. Whether Mlle. Villard or her translator or her printer is responsible for the printing of single sentences as paragraphs, no matter how closely connected with the context, is doubtful, but the effect is feeble and fragmentary. Since Mr. Johnson had carte blanche to abridge he might have used his authority to save Mlle. Villard from such trivialities as: "Ellinor Dashwood, Fanny Price and Anne Elliot give evidence of possessing the same sort of tastes and qualities as Elizabeth and Emma, but they are expressed and given vent to with less brilliance and enthusiasm;" or, "The heroine of Persuasion, that Anne Elliot, whose beauty is slightly faded by the passing of the years, is not the less touching on that account, indeed gains in complexity thereby;" which in the translation are merely awkward and banal.

In her study of Jane Austen's social milieu, the lesser gentry among whom she lived and wrote, and of her attitude toward life, Mlle. Villard is finely critical. She points out the strong, unyielding texture of that social fabric, woven of family ties in a patriarchal pattern, in which Miss Austen lived and which her heroines were obliged to enter if they would survive. For them, marriage was the single expression of the will to live. Mlle. Villard shows that the acceptance of this social order and acquiescence in it is the core of Jane Austen's philosophy. If for her it did not represent the best of all possible worlds it represented the best thinkable one, and to challenge it, to go against it, was the supreme unwisdom. To learn this world and their own relation to it was the task of her heroines. As Mlle. Villard says, "The dominating characteristic of Miss Austen's young girls is a tenacious striving to the light, the desire to know themselves and to understand clearly what at first they only feel obscurely." One of the chief battle fronts during the nineteenth century was that between the forces of the conscious, the rational; and the unconscious, the mystical. On the one hand Mill; on the other Carlyle. Jane Austen represents in fiction the principle of conscious intelligence, combatting "the life forces and the march of events." "Never is earth misread by brain," might have served her for motto as for George Meredith—of whose Dianas and Carinthias her own Elizabeth Bennets, Emma Woodhouses and Anne Elliots are the prototypes.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

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As Gorky Told It

My University Days, by Maxim Gorky. New York: Boni and Liveright. $3.00.

MAXIM GORKY'S capacity for vivid biographic narrative was well displayed in his reminiscences of Tolstoy. In the part of his autobiography, which he ironically calls My University Days, he has created a story that, with a slight change in focus, might have been one of the remarkable novels of the year. It is a tale of picaresque adventure among a hundred queer personalities —suspicious and violent peasants, queer disrupted students, policemen who spoke unconsciously the doctrines of Nietzsche and czarist officials who exhibited a gruff respect for the young writer, revolutionaries whose melodramatic appearance was almost a caricature of reality, and humdrum people suddenly disembowelled of an inward characteristic and made significant. It is a carnival of the miserable and the dejected. No English-speaking writer since the eighteenth century, save perhaps Barrow or De Quincey, has presented such a picture.

Here is anything but what an ordinary man of letters would have to record of his university days. Needless to say, Gorky is not quite an ordinary man of letters; needless to say, he did not go to a university; nor did he, like the narodniki and the later Tolstoyans "go to the people." How could he? The push of circumstance set him plump in the midst of them. Forced to earn his scant living as a baker's helper, a boatman on the Volga, a nightguard on a railroad, Gorky exhibited that high and impetuous courage which comes with adolescence, or not at all. Surrounded by the savagely illiterate, he fought for the saving humanities; beset by the drab bawdiness of weary men and women, he became fiercely chaste; tortured by the unending pettiness and immediacy of physical existence, he turned to the life of the mind and asserted his faith in disinterested intelligence.

It was a gallant fight and a great victory. A weaker spirit would have become cynical at the shivering contrast between the ideal and the actual; but if the sad emptiness that overtook Gorky once led him to attempt suicide, it did not weaken the fibres of his mind, and he was graduated from this grim university with an idealism fortified by common sense, and a tender good humor. If he saw the drabness and futility of the common life, he had felt its fine moments too: there is a keen passage that exalts the work of the boatmen loading a barge on the river, moved by a common natural rhythm, a description that could have been written only by one who had shared in the work and felt it to his marrow. Much of these experiences went into his stories; but what remains over is still significant and precious.

One is tempted to extract a hundred anecdotes by which Gorky lights up the phantasmagoria of his youth. The narrative has both the inconsecutiveness and the poignant relevancy of Chekhov's plays—except for the fact that Alexei Maximich never entirely learned to follow Chekhov's advice to prune away the luxuriant underbrush of adjectives which sometimes almost conceals the trail of the sentence! Better, however, than any particular good bit is the sense of being constantly in the presence of a mature and tempered mind, tolerant, understanding, and just; a man who discovers without derision the weaknesses of a friend and reveals without reserve the magnanimity of an enemy. If there was bitterness in this phase of Gorky's life, it has been sweetened in memory: Gorky has told of the disillusionment of his first mating with a tenderness that takes nothing away from the acrid smell of reality.

One suspects that My University Days is written in glowing prose; but unfortunately the translation does its best to conceal it: it is literal to the point of being scarcely literate. "The line of settledness" is not the English equivalent for the pale; nor does the Russian phrase, "sail like hares" convey more than the English stowaway; nor is a notable man a "noticeable" one: yet almost every page exhibits these painful departures. There should be some sort of legal or moral restitution for the injury done to a work of art through mistranslation; and were it in order, the anonymous translator of My University Days would suffer a heavy penalty.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Fiction Notes

The Comely Lass, by Thomas Moult. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

A NOVEL that, unencumbered with complexity of plot, goes simply and with an overwhelming certainty straight to its inevitable conclusion, has a charm and power peculiarly its own. From this tale of English harbor folk, Thomas Moult has shorn every vestige of unrelated incident. Yet having done this, he uses the single, pure, narrative theme as a vehicle for an artificial unnecessary element. His sense of formalized poetry leads him to hale his characters out into the open, wantonly to apostrophize them. Although the sheer, wistful beauty of many of these passages seems at times easily to justify their presence, a greater restraint on this one point would have been mother to a more vigorous, more nearly perfect, craftsmanship. R. B. F.

The Passionate Year, by James Hilton. Boston: Little, Brown, and Company. $2.00.

THE title misleads. The passion of the author for wearisome descriptions of unrelieved conjugal bickering is far more apparent than any consuming emotional content in the story itself. The triangle stuff is rung in, with no extenuating vigor or freshness. Upon the loss of her husband's affections the wife drowns herself with an infinite if startling solicitude. The widower and his new beloved fade from the reader's indifferent view, both of them a little shamefaced about the death that is to make their union possible, but none the less busy assuring each other that the awkwardness will soon wear off. And so, in this slightly unsavory instance, it probably will. R. B. F.

The White Ship. EsthonianTales by Aino Kallas, translated from the Finnish by Alex Matson, with a foreword by John Galsworthy. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

TO the reader of imagination these tales from a little-known part of the world give a new and delightful experience. Neither in content nor in technique are they in any way comparable to our commercial short-story product. They constitute a genre of their own, with an atmosphere and a technique interestingly between those

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of the Russians and of the Scandinavians. In some of the stories there is a great theme dominating the vivid life portraiture; but in all, the essential humanity of these strange people is conveyed to a remarkable degree. It is pleasant to be able to add that the translation is idiomatic and does not interfere with the artistic impression.

E. R.

So Big, by Edna Ferber. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.00.

ON a canvas of smaller dimensions than that used for The Girls, Miss Ferber has painted the portrait of Selina and her son, "So Big." It is Selina, glowing pioneer in spirit that she is, who occupies the light-filled foreground; while the boy from whom the book derives its title, in contrast seems small, shadowy and far-away. And, with Miss Ferber's measuring-stick, how almost unnaturally insuperable does the distance between foreground and background appear.

C. N.

Epithalamium. (L'Epithalame), by Jacques Chardonne, translated from the French. New York: George H. Doran Company. $2.50.

THIS book, winner of the Northcliffe prize as the best French novel of 1922, and now appearing in English in an excellent translation, may be described as a novel which makes no compromise with marriage. The author is resolute in his apparent desire to make a wistful tragedy out of a commonplace enough French romance which has in it, like Maria Chapdelaine, something of the idyllic and something of the sentimental. In style it is admirably calculated toward subtlety.

J. G.

Through an inadvertence The New Republic neglected to state that the comment on the Treaty of Disarmament and Outlawry of War published with the treaty in our issue of July 16 was prepared by the Foreign Policy Association, New York City. The treaty and comment have been published as a pamphlet by the Association for distribution on request which should be made to 9 East 45th street.

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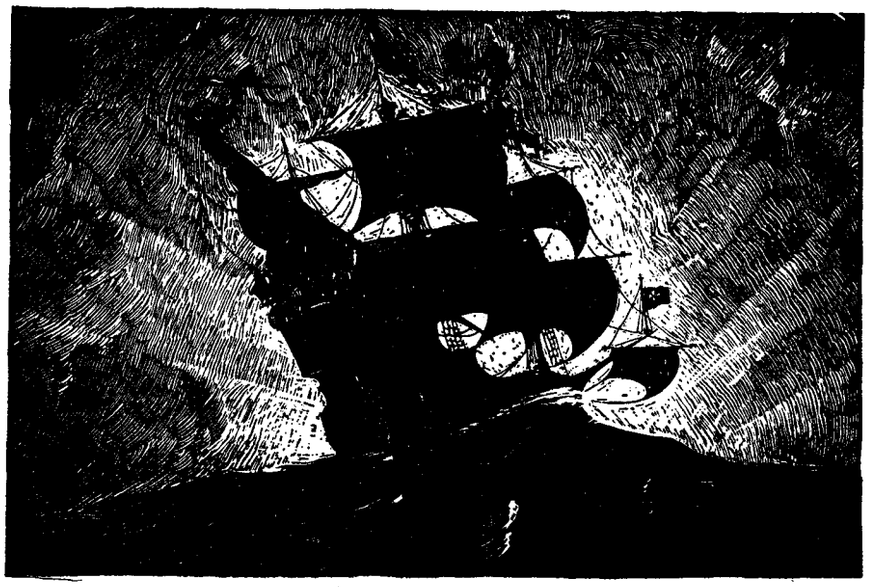

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